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The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.

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THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

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PRAYER.

A SERMON BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY, BOSTON (BRIGHTON), MASS.

"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

King Arthur, in bidding the long farewell to one of his knights, said:—

"But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"

Thus speaks the poet.

In the same strain speaks the man of affairs. Gen. Armstrong, the founder of Hampton School for the colored race and the Indians, the soldier, the patriot, left among his private papers certain memoranda in which is this paragraph: "Prayer is the greatest power in the world. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, yet has been the best thing I have ever done." These words came from a man who had a right to speak. He saw the world in strife, in battle, in peace, in prosperity. He was one of the world's workers, who made it better for having lived in it.

And shall we pray? Our fathers did pray. Perhaps they prayed too much. And now we, their sons, are at the far-off swing of the pendulum. But can we help praying, whether we call it prayer or not? The tombs of the ages past, the temples, and the books testify, all of them, to the upward groan of man. The beast falls, and tells no more of his story. Man falls; and his graves, with their tombs, tell of the depths of spiritual life in us. The very stones cry out. They seem to take up Cardinal Newman's well-known words:—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

Can we help praying, if

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast"?

We must pray. But what in simple prose is prayer? Is it a power given to man by which he can induce God to change his laws? "Some years ago two ships sailed from Liverpool in the same direction and bound for the same destination; viz., the South Sea Islands. The one was secretly built for a pirate craft, and manned by pirates: the other was filled with missionaries. The one went on a voyage of pillage and murder; the other, on a mission of mercy, with tidings from Heaven. The pirates had constructed their vessel in the best possible manner. The missionary ship was an old merchantman, and in many points unseaworthy. As they neared the equator, a furious storm arose, in which the missionary ship went to pieces with the loss of all on board. The pirate vessel, however, proudly and bravely rode through the storm."

The missionaries did not pay due attention to the laws of sea and wind, to the strength of wood and iron. The pirates observed and obeyed these laws. The pirates rode the storm, the missionaries went down. It is

easy to imagine that in the midst of the the storm blasphemous oaths arose from one vessel, while prayers went up from the other. Neither prayers nor oaths counted for anything in the storm. Prayer, then, is not for the purpose of changing the laws of nature. It is folly for us to pray for rain or sunshine. As well pray for the sun to stand still or for the world to be all paradise! Prayer, then, is not to enable us to change the simplest law of God's worlds, but to put ourselves into the deepest harmony with those laws, in order to find them not restraints, but helps to living. Prayer works the change in us, so that we come to see sunshine and rain and the whole order of nature as the expression of a holy, just, and loving God. Not in God or his laws, but in us, is prayer to work its change.

Prayer is not the means by which we are to win favor with God, so that he may prosper us above our fellows. In a wonderfully true sense God is no respecter of persons: he sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. The pious man's crops, merely on account of his piety, will do no better than those of the impious man. Prayer will not change God's disposition toward you, for it is already and always love. Carlyle said of a man who was praying unctuously, "That man is asking for treacle, he will get brimstone." God will send him more what he needs than what he wants. Even the ancient Greek Plato could say, "The prayer of a fool is fraught with danger, and likely to end in the opposite of what he desires." And back of Plato an old Greek poet, whose name has been forgotten, but whose true prayer lives, thus prays: "King Jove, give us what is good, whether we pray for it or not; and ward off what is dangerous, even though we pray for it." Prayer is not in order to attain our selfish purposes. It is first to be free from selfishness.

Prayer is not beseeching, begging, vain repetitions of words, as if we were to be heard for our much speaking. John Ruskin, in real indignation at the many things we take for prayer, says, "God likes beggars as little as you do." We do not go with a bag on our backs, imploring God to fill it, because we cannot or will not fill it ourselves. We are not beggars at the gates of heaven. We are sons of the inner courts, so that whatever of praying we do is to be different from the whine and false humility of beggars. Nor can we expect the favor of Heaven by doing on earth the unpleasant thing. The real prayer is not the nasty medicine that comes before the rewarding sweetmeat. If prayer is not itself pleasant, the deepest pleasure, the spontaneous and joyous cry of the soul or the spontaneous and terrible groan of a burdened life, it is not real. There are no vain, empty words to prayer. Real prayer fills all words to the overflow, no words are large enough for it.

Prayer is no act of fear, a means by which we are to escape dread pains hereafter. It is not inspired of fear, but of the very opposite feeling. We shall be glad enough if by and by, after we have crossed the line of death, there should fall upon our new vision the glories of a new world brighter and holier than this. But prayer is not in order to open those gates to us. Nor is it to shut the doors of the dread world everlastingly behind us. There is a deeper depth than even this to prayer. And what is it?

Prayer is communion, it is spiritual friendship. We eat to feed our bodies; we read and study to feed the minds. There is a soul hunger which these do not feed. The sunset and the landscape, the noon-day sky and the starry heavens, delight our eyes. But back of these we are conscious of something that speaks to us in quiet might. It speaks to something in us back of eyes and brain. It seems to us to be without bounds, and out of which all beauty and power come. It is the Infinite. We are drawn to it, we cannot speak to it with tongue or lips; and yet we speak. That is prayer. "Prayer," says a French Roman Catholic theologian, "is the movement of the soul from the finite to the Infinite." It is the soul conscious of its imperfections, its incomplete nature yearning for the fellowship and friendship of the God who is perfect. It is the moral life tending and aspiring toward something better and greater. It is the soul yielding to the charm of the supreme God. In prayer the soul opens its windows, in order that it may be flooded by the infinite light.

The soul is very conscious of a nature capable of holiness, purity, and spiritual

communion. It is conscious of a God of purity and holiness, with whom as friend with friend it can hold communion. It is conscious that friendships have moulding powers,—that friend makes friend like himself. In communion with God the soul becomes God-like. This is prayer. The meaning and purpose of creation, of all there is, is in order to this communion, this moulding, fashioning friendship. Thus prayer becomes the persistent effort of the whole mind of man toward the perfect life. And it utters itself in no desire for the change of God's laws, no desire for worldly gain or pleasure, no vain words or trembling supplications: it utters itself in the words, I would be like God.

Thus it becomes

"That mystery
Where God in man is one with man in God."

Allied to this, but still a step higher, prayer is the effort of the soul in sacrifice. When we get to real praying, get through the many wrappings to the heart of prayer, get at the essence of this communion of the finite with the Infinite, we find prayer an earnest strain on the part of the soul to lay itself on the altar of the high God as a gift to him. Its language is not, "Give me this," but "Let me become thine." In that great scene, Gethsemane, where for all the world prayer was forever defined, where prayer reached its fulness, the language is, "Thy will be done." There in that garden, by that man of sorrows, in his great act of submission, prayer was seen in all its power and reality. There the soul was taken to the highest altar of God, and in loving submission placed upon it. There is no thought there of changing God's law, no thought of self-gratification, no fear, no hope of reward: it is simply, What is God's will? It is the best, largest, and truest thing for the soul, even if it bring a cross.

In this act the soul says, Use me to express not my littleness, but thy greatness; not my weakness, but thy power; not my selfishness, but thy love. How little praying we do!

Thus, then, prayer from the time of Gethsemane is a new thing. Its object is spiritual, the transformation of the soul, the lifting of the soul in submission to the highest spiritual will, the kindling of the soul into a flame on the altar of its God. This is its object. How profound a one! but how different from much we call prayer!

But now how simple a thing does answering prayer become! Whatsoever ye ask in prayer cannot but be answered. It is not whatsoever ye ask shall be answered, but whatsoever ye ask *in prayer*. The man that prays for deep communion with God is answering his own prayer, for prayer is communion with God. He that asks for the divine likeness is being clothed with it, for communion with God is the way one becomes like God. He who in deep earnest prays, "Thy will be done," is answering for himself the *awful* prayer; for, if in earnest, God's will is more and more being done in him. Oh, are we in earnest? The laws of the world answer him, because they help him to come into harmony with his God. The world is flooded with answers to real prayer,—this spiritual transforming power.

Prayer brings not words or actions; but this spiritual attitude of the mind is not the senseless, undignified thing we sometimes imagine it to be,—a thing for children and those who have not thought. The very opposite: it becomes the greatest thing for the greatest minds in their greatest moments.

There is a dignity to prayer in the fact that the soul feels itself capable of communion with the infinite and spiritual Reality. There is profound confidence and trust in prayer; for it has reached that faith in God which sees in his laws the expressions of the highest and best, and sees in them the very means which are to work out a great conformity between God and man. In prayer there is a strengthening power; for in prayer the soul becomes conscious of its full powers, and learns then how to use them in the hours of deepest trial. Let Gethsemane testify to this. There is a purifying power to prayer, for in prayer one cannot pray for hurt or harm to others. He must pray for their good. He cannot pray for aught for his own soul but its holiness and purity. And in prayer there is an enlarging power. For in the submission of itself to the will of its God it becomes the means, to express not its own contracting selfishness, but God's infinite love. And it grows ever larger, the more it gives expression to this thing greater than itself.

There is a prophetic power to prayer. It tells of the great future of honor and glory when the soul has unfolded its powers. Prayer is the soul feebly trying its wings. By and by it shall soar like the eagle.

Of course we pray. We pray for our own souls and the souls of our friends. Of course we pray, or rather we stagger up to prayer. Of course we whisper prayers, we groan out prayers. And times do come when, in deep agony like the Master, we lie upon the ground, and cry aloud to God. Oh, our souls do utter themselves, do long for the infinite communion and divine likeness. They would at times even come to the high altar with the woful words, "Thy will be done." But there we falter, it is too much. But of even this faltering we can be cleansed.

Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean. Oh, speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

THE MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Sunshine and smile of winter drear,
White flower of love amid the snow,
Your presence bringeth summer here,
Whatever winds around us blow.
Our faces shine with hallowed joy,
The world puts on its state array.
For silver age and wishful boy
There's happiness on Christmas Day!

Our homes resound with merriment;
Divineness meets our common need;
With ours the angels' songs are blent,
Good will prevails, and kindly deed.
Men recognize love's power to bless,
They would fulfil its purpose clear,
They seek to spread pure happiness,—
To crown and grace the fading year!

They hear a voice across time's tide
That tells mankind of heaven above,
That maketh faith and hope confide,
Without a fear, in God's good love.
The child reclining in the arms
Of motherhood so pure and true
Is sheltered from the world's alarms.
So God must shelter me and you!

Our children bear the halo light
Of Christ's good thought and gentle way,
Like lilies born of summer bright,
They are his own on Christmas Day.
It is a pleasure then to live,
Because the world abides in good,
Each unto each doth blessing give,
In simple, sweet child brotherhood!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Whitman, Mass.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AS LITERATURE.

I desire in this article to call attention to the new light and fresh interest which are given to the Old Testament when it is looked upon, as the best Biblical critics today assure us it should be, as an anthology of the national literature of the Hebrews.

This literary view of these ancient records is, unfortunately, the view which for many centuries has been least often taken of it by the Church. In the popular faith the Old Testament has been looked upon as everything else but literature. It has been regarded as a magazine of dogmas; as a scientific treatise, making the investigations of geology and biology superfluous; as an infallible moral code, any one of whose precepts overruled all the instincts of mercy or the intuitions of conscience; as a heavenly double acrostic, every word filled with threefold significance, natural, spiritual, and celestial; in short, as a specimen of supernatural penmanship, all its parts equally authoritative and flawless. The result has been to give the Bible an artificial and formal air, to separate it from the living world of reality, to obscure and befog its natural excellences, and to fill it with uncalled for difficulties.

It is lamentable, indeed, to recall the many inconsistencies and incredibilities which the traditional view has needlessly raised up, transmuting lyric metaphors into scientific marvels, traditions of later days into contemporaneous records, romances into autobiographies, poetry into prose, parables into predictions, and love songs into mystic allegories.

When the Pentateuch is claimed to be throughout written by Moses himself, all the Psalms by David, and the whole Old Testament to have been so divinely inspired as to be infallible, with what plain contradictions and insoluble entanglements are we brought face to face? It is these especially that have drawn upon the Bible the jeers and ridicule of the unbelievers and the keen thrust of every sceptic. They have led to the "mistakes of Moses" being paraded up and down the land, and flouted and riddled with the most cutting wit and the bitterest of mockeries. And they have seduced the pious-minded, who were not altogether irra-

tional, to a further wrong to the Bible; viz., to the most desperate attempts to warp and twist the sacred texts so as, somehow, to reconcile the conflicting passages.

But, when we look upon the Old Testament as literature, we are no longer tempted to torture in this way the simple statements of these ancient writers. Our only ambition is to find out what they really meant. And we are not diverted from a consideration of their essential truth or nobleness, and put into an antagonistic, flaw-picking attitude by extravagant claims for them of a character that they themselves never pretended to possess. Give a young man, for example, the Book of Jonah to read as a part of God's infallible word, and how soon will his reason (naturally led to give a careful test to any such momentous claim) run against the snags of the whale and the gourd and the other marvels of the story, and the whole attention be fixed on these, either to ridicule and reject or to defend and explain them away! Meanwhile the real lesson of the book, the broad tolerance and forgivingness of spirit, the omnipresence and universal love of God, that it aimed to inculcate, is altogether neglected. But present the book simply as a piece of ancient literature, an old legend current among the Hebrews, or a parable invented to enforce a lesson, and how easily is all the supernatural part of the story seen to be only the imaginative framework and embellishment of its noble religious lesson, no more affronting common sense or diverting attention from the spiritual teaching involved than do the giants and marvels in "Pilgrim's Progress" prevent the reader of that from appropriating the similar moral lessons therein contained!

Again, to look upon the Old Testament as literature gives it a worth and an interest which it has failed to obtain under the traditional view. As a piece of divine penmanship, as a flawless fetich before which reason was devoutly to close its eyes, much of it was useless. Forbidden to criticise or discriminate, the only refuge was in ignoring altogether large parts of the Bible, and leaving their pages, after the first reading from cover to cover, which pious tradition demanded, henceforth unopened. For here was passage after passage, which we were assured was just as sacred and true as anything else, from which we could obtain no food for either the mind or the heart. Here were palpable antagonisms of statement, impossible to harmonize; badly joined seams where earlier documents were patched together; coarse traditions that in any other book would be suppressed as indelicate; ritualistic details and ceremonial formalities of a thoroughly puerile and impractical character, at least for our day and generation; barbarous revenges and imprecations, claiming the direct command or undoubted inspiration of the Divine. How many such blots as these burdened the sacred text! But, when we recognize the Old Testament as literature, all these things become not only interesting, but valuable. These clumsy sutures of the earlier documents are precious as fine gold and sweeter than the honeycomb to the Biblical critics. These palpable discrepancies of the accounts and the partisan or sectional bias disclosed by each are the precious seals identifying the different documents and authors; and the very scientific mistakes and moral imperfections that we find are the water-marks of date and country, the incontestable proofs of their antiquity; and even the very crudest fancies and most barbarous legends, wholly inadmissible to the witness-box of history, are welcomed as priceless relics of that primeval mythologic age in which all religion and history began, and are the best of evidence that the Jewish religion had the same natural origin as all other faiths. What can the Bible reader who accepts it all as one infallible Word of God do with such passages as that where Jehovah is said to "walk in the garden in the cool of the evening"; where the Elohim (using the polytheistic plural) say: "Let us make man"; "Behold, the man is become as one of us"? How is the pious believer in the infallibility of the Bible to explain the graven and molten images; the ephods and teraphim which as late as Samuel's time were a part of the equipment of a priest of Jehovah; the household idols which David kept in his house; the golden bulls worshipped down to Jeroboam's day; the relics of serpent-worship, in the brazen serpent which, as late as the reign of Hezekiah, was an object of worship among the Israelites; and the vestiges of devil-worship even, in the goat carried into the wilderness as a propitiation to the demon Azazel, disguised

in our version under the name of the scapegoat,—what, I say, on the traditional theory of the Old Testament, can be done with these survivals of old nature and beast worship left in its pages, except to pass over and forget them as quickly as possible? But, when the Old Testament is recognized as literature, they become the most significant footmarks of the slow upward progress of Hebrew faith, confirming the account, which anthropology and the history of religions in general have given, of the successive stages of man's spiritual pilgrimage.

And this leads us to notice the new vividness and human interest which the sacred record gains when its similarity of origin with other books is recognized.

There is a somewhat familiar but instructive story of a boy who, on receiving a letter from a young companion at Malta, speaking of his visit to the place of St. Paul's shipwreck, exclaimed, "Why, father, did that happen in this world?"

So to many a pious reader the incidents and characters of the Old Testament are never realized as actual occurrences and flesh-and-blood persons, but they always stand before the imagination, as the old painters distinguished their saints, with a halo of supernatural light about their head and the stiffness and unreality of so many wooden images in all their limbs.

But now, when we study these records as literature, we soon catch sight of a host of significant little hints showing that these old priests and prophets were men of like passions such as we are, and that the notable incidents in their careers had their springs in the social forces, political exigencies, or personal motives of an actual, breathing world.

Take the figure of David, as the man after God's own heart, and author of all the Psalms, as church tradition has presented him to us. Certainly, this is a most inconsistent and artificial figure. But the David whom the new criticism shows, the chief of a band of outlaws who by his military exploits rises to the throne, brave and generous toward his friends, but unrelenting and vindictive toward his foes, and unscrupulous in removing those who stood in his ambitious pathway,—a nature at war with itself, holding within him in constant struggle the typical virtues and vices of a society just passing over from barbarism to semi-civilization,—this David is an exceedingly natural and interesting character.

Or take the Book of Job. Looked at as an authoritative revelation in explanation of the misfortunes of the righteous, it is certainly very unsatisfactory. If we consider it as a direct revelation from God to explain the origin of evil and the calamities of the righteous, that explanation amounts substantially to this,—to refer them to the wiles of Satan and the capricious permission of the Almighty, before whose power man should be dumb; and it omits altogether from the answer the Christian solution of a future personal life for which this life is the training. Now, as the instruction of a divine revelation, this is terribly crude and disappointing.

But, looking at Job as literature, we have in it the most poignant depiction of a soul in agony; the most powerful presentation of the struggling forces of doubt, despair, indignant virtue, invincible faith in divine goodness, pathetic humility, and the self-abnegating devotedness that can cling to the Divine Hand even when all hope of personal happiness has vanished, that we have in any book, ancient or modern, East or West. We may discuss to the end of time whether there ever was an historic Job who lived in the land of Uz, or whether the book is a pure fiction; but, surely, we cannot doubt that this picture of Job on his ash-heap, surrounded by the friends who, pretending to comfort him, pierce his heart by their unjust suspicions, and, as the strong gusts of passion at their cruel impeachment of his innocency and his own unbearable agony sweep to and fro, pours out his heart in such scornful denials of personal transgression, such appeals to his divine Judge, such dread misgivings, now of God's justice, now of his own righteousness, and who at last finds peace in a childlike resignation to the divine will, however bitter,—surely, we cannot doubt that this wondrous representation of bitterest spiritual struggle came from a heart that had itself been in the deep waters, and had to tread the wine-press of grief alone. And, if we date its composition in the dark days of the eighth century, when the old faith of Israel in Jehovah's earthly rewards to his faithful servants was given such a wrench, when the

Northern kingdom had gone down in ruins, and the terrible invasions of the Assyrians swept over their land, like so many tornadoes, respecting neither just nor unjust, and poor King Hezekiah lived, as Renan vividly says, "like a bird on a twig," watching which way to fly the next minute,—then the social and political setting of the picture makes it not merely a personal experience, but a national experience and a national enigma that are thus movingly set before us.

Thus does the literary view of the Old Testament humanize it, and endow it with heightened power and influence over its readers. And, as it takes on a more graphic life, there comes with this, simultaneously, a disclosure of more defined individuality and an affluence of national genius, not before suspected. When the Old Testament is regarded as a single continuous Divine Oracle, the tendency, of course, is to overlook as much as possible all diversities of authorship or style, because all must be equally divine, equally perfect. But, when it is viewed as literature, the varied contents of this sacred collection of the national remains are hailed with pleasure, and it becomes quite astonishing how many-sided the Israelite genius was. There were not simply the recognized three or four kinds of books,—law, prophecy, history, and psalmody,—but almost every kind that any modern encyclopædia of English or German literature would exhibit: allegory in Jotham's parable; the drama in Job; satire in Ecclesiastes; an opera or cantata in Canticles; ethnographic tables of the revelations of nations; didactic poems, as in Proverbs; national lyrics, as in a dozen or more of the Psalms; primitive sagas and war-songs, as in the patriarchal legends and in the songs of Moses and Deborah; fragments of epics, as in the remnants of the Wars of Jehovah and the Book of Jashar; snatches of popular ditties, like the Song of the Well and the Sword Song of Lamech; historical romances, like Daniel and Esther; novels with a purpose, like Jonah; political polemics and orations, such as some of the prophetical writings may quite properly be called. Such is the remarkable variety in the contents of the Old Testament that we find in it, when viewed as literature.

Or look through the lens of Biblical criticism at writers of the same class, among whom we have heretofore supposed little diversity because all were in such a peculiar way the mouth-pieces of the divine inspiration. I mean the prophets. Notice how enigmatic and vaguely figurative are some of them; how confident and precise in their predictions, a second class; and how much shrewder and more nearly accurate in their forecasts, a third class. And it is by no means those who were most bold and self-assured in their predictions whom history has most confirmed.

What an interesting diversity of personal characteristics and literary style distinguishes them, as we follow down the stream of history! Notice the rustic figures of speech and pastoral simplicity of the first two,—Amos and Hosea,— a style straightforward, sententious, and pregnant with compressed feeling. In Micah, also, we have another "man of the people," terse and strong of utterance, denouncing in scathing terms the wrongs suffered by the poor of Israel at the hands of the rich and noble.

In Isaiah we meet with a genius of different type, familiar with the best society of the times and with international politics, possessed of a glowing wealth of imagination and vividness of illustration, clothed in a diction of dignified splendor and energetic elegance.

In Nahum and Habakkuk we have two more ardent spirits, pouring out their impassioned thoughts in the boldest of imagery. What dramatic power, especially, is there in that Pindaric Ode of Habakkuk's, as it has been called, where he looks forth from his watch-tower to see what the Lord will show him, and describes with such majesty of thought and diction the vision of the woes drawing nigh to his people!

As we come down to the times of the Babylonish captivity, we hear the deepened tragedy of Israel's fate reverberating in the melancholy cadences of its great writers: in the artless pathos of Jeremiah's voice so broken with patriotic tears; and in the sombre imagery and weird allegorical figures of Ezekiel (though often, it must be confessed, somewhat overloaded and bizarre). In the impassioned rhetoric of the second Isaiah in the heart-moving touches, picturesque imagery, and superbly effective personifications of this great unknown

prophet of the sixth century, the poetical genius of Israel reached its climax; and in the clear, logical, and dialectic treatment of his theme in Malachi,— going without any flourish right at the pith of the matter,— we see that the roll of the prophets is about to be closed, and that a simpler, more concise and lucid school of writing is about to succeed them.

And not only has the study of Biblical literature brought out the individualities of the different books of the Old Testament in instructive clearness, but within the envelope of what had been deemed the work of single authors it discovers a multiplicity of hands, and points out their personal characteristics in a most interesting manner. As the telescope and spectrum of the astronomer have resolved what seemed single stars into binary or ternary solar systems, so has the lens of Higher Criticism shown us Isaiah and Zechariah to be each a double star, and the Pentateuch of Moses to be a complex system of four or five, or perhaps even more, noble literary suns and planets. This complex composition and gradual growth, throughout six or seven centuries, of the first five books, not long ago ascribed to Moses alone as their author, is the most notable achievement of the Higher Criticism. It has endowed this part of the Old Testament, to the eager student of truth and to all spirits ambitious of disentangling knotty problems, with a fascination akin to that which the authorship of Junius had in the last century, or the decipherment of the Assyrian hieroglyphics has in our day. Renan has well compared the task, in its delicacy and difficulty, to the decipherment of the papyri of Herculaneum, whose pages were so imbedded and stuck together into calcined blocks that, though the letters might be visible, it was impossible to say to what page they respectively belonged. But, as the careful unrolling and patching together of these papyri by the classical scholars have introduced consistent order into these manuscripts, so have the patient comparisons and piecings-together of these Biblical documentary layers and fragments by Graf and Wellhausen, and especially by that prince of Biblical critics, Kuenen (whose recent death is such a loss to scholarship), succeeded in building up again the ancient medley of historical and legendary remains into an intelligible literary structure.

Church history tells us that in the second century an early predecessor of Dr. Robinson in the work of Gospel welding and tinkering mortised together, out of the four Gospels, a harmony of the life of Christ which he called the Diatessaron. Now, suppose this compilation had been so successful that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had no longer been copied in their original and independent form, but had been entirely swallowed up by the new compilation, and the very memory of their separate existence been quite forgotten. Suppose that the new compilation had been baptized with the name "the books of Jesus," and that the Church should then have resisted as pious profanation the idea that any part of this patchwork calling itself the authentic history of Christ was written by any one except the man of Nazareth with his own hand! Then we should have a pretty fair parallel to the way that the students of the Pentateuch have been fettered, and the difficulties that they have had to contend with in analyzing the so-called Books of Moses. But, as no one to-day would think that the fourfold gospel narrative and its complex testimony would have gained either interest or historic value if it had been thus superseded by Tatian's single compilation, so no one ought to fail to see how much the Pentateuch really gains in attractiveness and power by this critical disinterment of the four or five separate writings that have been hitherto engulfed by it. It gives us that invaluable base line of measurement and parallax of position only to be had where two or more different points of view are found. It enables us to estimate better the refraction of the lines of historic fact produced by the sectional or political or ecclesiastic bias of the various writers. And it adds to the illustrious group of Hebrew authors four or five notable figures, who, though unnamed, possess most marked personal characteristics as well as local and partisan traits.

In the earliest of these, the second Elohist, we discover a writer of the tenth century, living in the neighborhood of Bethel or Shechem, who delighted in collecting the old folk-lore and patriarchal legends of his race, and who has given us a most charming

and ingenuous picture of the primitive ages of humanity. Piquant and naïve in style, marked by a certain infantile candor and rough sublimity, devotedly chronicling all the quaint myths and ethnographic genealogies and details that he heard of; with patriotic pride claiming for the ancestors of the Northern tribes ancient possession of all the good things of the country; quite ignorant of any law limiting sacrifices or altars to Jerusalem; betraying a scarcely veiled polytheism on every page,—this first collection of the Israelite legends, which became the nucleus round which the rest of the Bible formed itself, has well been compared by Renan to Homer, so fresh and sparkling is it with the morning dew of humanity's childhood. "This unknown writer," says Renan, with but little of any exaggeration (p. 177), "has created half the poetry of humanity. His stories are like a breath of the world's springtime; their freshness is only equalled by their crude grandeur; man, when these pages were written, still lived in a world of myths. Multitudes of Elohim filled the air, manifested by mysterious whispers, unknown noises and terrors which produced panic. Man had nocturnal struggles with them, out of which he emerged wounded. Elohim appeared in triple form, and his sons take unto them wives of the daughters of men. Morality is scarcely born; the mind of the Elohim is capricious, sometimes absurd; the world is very small, heaven is reached by a ladder, or, rather, a pyramid with steps; messengers constantly pass from earth to the empyrean. Dreams are celestial revelations, visions of God" (Renan, pp. 177–178, vol. ii.).

In the author of the second great stratum of the Pentateuch (or, perhaps more accurately, the Hexateuch; for the Book of Joshua is an integral part and close continuation of the first five books) we have also a man of the Northern kingdom, but of the ninth century, and of quite a different type of mind. His genius is less unsophisticated and sunny. He is a man of a sombre and austere temperament and more philosophic cast of mind, oppressed with the consciousness of the sin in the world and full of forebodings of the wrath of Jehovah; emphasizing the jealous nature and irresistible will of the *I Am*, greatest of all the gods; delighting in meditations and explanations of the origin of evil and in chronicling the woes that descend upon sinful humanity. Civilization to him is a path of decadence and demoralization; the thirst for knowledge is the root of all evil; social progress, a defiance of God's laws and loss of Paradise; the first city originated in murder and transgression. As a religious creator, he takes the first rank. He was the original Calvinist, the spiritual father of Jeremiah, Paul, Augustine, Mohammed, Jonathan Edwards, and all that ilk. As Renan well says, "The ceiling of the San Sistine Chapel, with its tremendous pictures of the awful divine Judge and the retributions of those who disobey his autocratic will, is the best illustration of this remarkable writer. Michael Angelo is the only artist who could interpret the Jahvist; for he is truly his brother in genius" (Renan, p. 302, vol. ii.).

In the author of the third great stratum we find a still different type of mind from either the preceding: a man of superior culture, employing a warm and persuasive eloquence; fond of stately periods; exhibiting a decidedly purer and higher tone, both ethically and religiously. The author of the patriarchal legends had, as we noticed, hardly got out of the shell of polytheism. The Jehovist was only in the stage of Monarcho-theism, revering Jehovah as the first among the gods. The Deuteronomist carries us on to the next stage,—not monotheism, but monolatry, in which, while the existence of other gods was still recognized, Jehovah was proclaimed the unique God, the sole object of worship, and thus did the world the inestimable service of providing the next higher step in the staircase of religion, from which the second Isaiah, Jesus, and Paul mounted to that of a true monotheism, in which Jehovah was not merely the only God to be worshipped, but the only God in existence, the One over all, in all, and through all.

It was in the seventh century, shortly before or else in the reign of Josiah, that the Deuteronomist wrote. For a long time it was thought that the next great contributor to this literary edifice added his notable fourth story, the priestly and legal part, either before or soon after Josiah's time. But, while there may have been many additions made at this time, the best critics, Graf, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, now put the date of this priestly reviser and the most

of the sacerdotal legislation, including also the noble proem, the Creation Ode of the first chapter, as late as the time of the Babylonish captivity,—the fifth century B.C. This accounts for the numerous reminiscences and readaptations of Assyrian legend that he has introduced and the absence of allusions to this priestly code in the prophets of the seventh and eighth centuries. This priestly reviser, sometimes called the first Elohist (because he usually speaks of the Divine only under the name of the Elohim down to the time when the revelation of God as Jahveh is made to Moses, in Exodus xii.), was a native of the south,—probably a resident in Jerusalem. He possessed scientific tastes; had a fondness for genealogies, a more precise style; aimed to inculcate moral lessons and preserve the memory of religious customs; exhibited a mind more reflective and exact; sympathized with the southern tribes of Judah and Benjamin; avoided as far as possible the anthropomorphism of the northern narrators; and exhibits both a higher morality and a purer theism. He has encumbered his narrative, nevertheless, with a most wearisome and formal mass of ceremonial details. He is the ardent devotee of ecclesiastical theocracy, and has not hesitated, in his enthusiasm, to map out a whole priestly Utopia, an imposing air castle of sacerdotal laws, customs, events, and institutions, constructed with such precise and realistic details that for ages it was held to have been a veritable part of Hebrew history and experience.

And this suggests a few words upon the great gain which our conception of Hebrew history and the course of its literary development has made by this critical reconstruction of the proper succession of its various books and documents. What a travesty of the literary and religious history of India should we make if we presented it in the following order: first, the ceremonial legislation of Manu; next, the Vedic songs and myths; third, the subtle, speculative Upanishads; and, lastly, the practical moral reforms and spiritual teachings! But it is just such a topsy-turvy picture of the course of Jewish faith and thought that the traditional view of the Old Testament has given us, putting its monotheism at the very beginning, supposing away back in the time of Moses a most minute and elaborate legislation and complicated, pedantic ritual system already full blown, and presenting this as succeeded by such an epoch of political and social chaos, such a period of crude morals and unregulated worship, and rude, almost savage legends as we find in Judges and Samuel, "when," as the record says, "every one did what was good in his own eyes."

The history of literature and the science of comparative religion show us, in all the great civilizations of Europe and Asia, the same law of literary development, from the childlike to the reflective, from the simple to the complex; and also the same course of religious evolution, first rude nature-worship and fetichism, then, advance through idolatry and polytheism toward theism and spiritual religion. First we have the diviner and the soothsayer and the bard, the childlike chanter of primitive war-songs and myths, next the prophet, and after him the priest. Now, the traditional theory reverses this, and puts at the dawn of Hebrew life and literature that elaborate sacerdotalism which everywhere else comes only in the evening of the national life. But, when we study the Old Testament as literature under the microscope of the Higher Criticism, the intellectual and spiritual evolution of the Hebrew genius becomes again a natural one, exhibiting the same normal succession as the national consciousness of India, Egypt, Persia, and Greece. Thus a new orderliness is given to the Old Testament, and with it a greater intelligibleness.

And in another way also does the literary view of the Bible give it a clearer comprehensibility; namely, by permitting us to use sources of illumination that on the traditional theory are at once ruled out. What new light is supplied for understanding the Genesis stories of the fall, the deluge, and the tower of Babel, when we can illustrate them by their Assyrian analogues, if not sources? How much more intelligible becomes the story of Samson, when we are free to recognize many of its distinctive features as derived from the primitive sun-myth, of which here we have a degraded survival, perhaps grafted upon some native legendary stock! And, especially, what an illumination is given to Solomon's Song of

Songs, which in our King James's version is so darkly obscured by the interpolated headings which refer it to a mystical marriage of Christ and the Church, when we accept it as a Pastoral Cantata, commemorating the fidelity of true love, unmoved by the blandishments of rank and luxury! Instead of its being a dialogue between two, we must suppose, as Ewald has shown in such a masterly manner, a chorus and at least three principal characters; namely, the Shulamite maiden, the shepherd lover to whom she has pledged her affection, and Solomon, the king, who, captivated with her beauty, has taken her from her native village to his magnificent palace, and who thinks that by the glittering prospect he opens before her, as his favorite, he may induce her to abandon her rustic home and betrothed husband. By her steadfast resistance to the king's solicitations the loyal maid, however, at last convinces Solomon of the hopelessness of his passion, and obtains permission to return to the shepherd lover whom she cannot forget; and at the close of the poem the faithful couple appear hand in hand, expressing in glowing strains the superiority of genuine affection, though in the humblest lot, over any union that riches or position may buy. This is a meaning that nobly vindicates the place which the Song of Songs has so strangely, but fortunately, retained in the sacred canon.

And this brings me to my final point, the increased value of the Old Testament,—the higher claim upon our admiration and our reverence that it gains when viewed as literature. All its natural beauties and excellences, of old so obscured by the artificial theories of its supernatural dictation, now emerge to delight us. What admirable character-painting is disclosed in the ingenious delineations of the three great patriarchs and their successors,—Joseph, Deborah, Samuel, Saul, David, and Elijah! How sharp, forceful, naïve, and pathetic are these memorable personalities, outlined often with such few but graphic strokes of the pen! Surely, nowhere else than in Shakspere himself can we find such a wonderful portrait gallery of figures, so diversified and full of breathing life, as we find in the patriarchal legends of Genesis and the historic sketches of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. Or, if we can disabuse ourselves of the inclination to look upon it as either science or revelation, and consider it only as poetry, what a splendid, inspiring Ode have we in that Psalm of Creation that makes the first chapter of the Bible memorable! How superb the lyric strains of many of the Psalms! What a vigorous and copious exposition of the grandeurs of nature are given by them, especially by that 103d Psalm, which, as Humboldt said, is "in itself an outline of the universe." What persuasive springs of consolation, what powerful ethical instruction, do the pages of the prophets furnish!

I know, of course, the many dark stains that mar the moral tone of the Old Testament, the grave inconsistencies of its spiritual teaching. When viewed as an infallible book, a web divinely woven, all of one cloth, these stains are fatal to its claims. But, when we look upon it as the spiritual history of a nation feeling its way to God, it has no superior. It possesses certainly that best of inspiration, the power of inspiring and uplifting its readers. Take Conway's "Sacred Analogy" or Max Müller's fuller "Sacred Books of the East," and compare them with the Bible, and the more thoroughly you know the literature of the rest of the world, the more sure will you be that, on the whole, with all its crudities and coarseness and vengefulness on its head, the Bible stands far above all other scriptures in purity and elevation of tone. Grant that the vestiges of polygamy, slavery, idolatry, witch-burning, bloody revenges, and religious persecutions may be imbedded here, like the scales of hideous dragons of the slime in a slab of the Saurian period. Yet they are but the marks of the outgrown shells, the off-cast skins which the spiritual genius of Israel successively sloughed off, and left behind it. They are but the lower rounds of that heavenly ladder which the religious consciousness of the Hebrews one after another trod beneath it, and rose above, as it struggled slowly to the recognition and proclamation of the purest religious truths known to antiquity. All these relics of a lower stage of thought and conduct but bear witness to the naturalness and progressiveness of the religious evolution. Nowhere else in all literature is there a more striking and valuable panorama of the development of the spiritual

consciousness of a nation. What pictures of spiritual heroism, standing undaunted against all odds; what wise counsels to youth; what moving and uplifting outpourings of devout thankfulness; what manly denunciations of wrong and injustice; what appealing strains of penitence and devout trust; what comfort to the bereaved and support for the tempted,—beam from these pages, as the morning stars when they sing together in their Maker's honor, and make the benediction of this book, in spite of all its flaws, unparalleled in the history of humanity! And this benediction shall be all the greater, and is but the more perennial, when those who profess to reverence its lustre shall no more "breathe on it, as they bow," but, freed from artificial tinsel and glamour, it shall shine forth in all its natural beauty, symmetry, and matchless worth.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

New York.

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*WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

Nov. 3, 1794 — Nov. 3, 1894.

Standing upon the hill overlooking the town of Plymouth, Mass., at the base of that noble monument erected by a people's gratitude to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, one feels a sort of awe as he realizes that here, on this very spot, opened one of the great epochs in the history of the world. He sees before him the bay whose waters were once cut by the keel of the "Mayflower." Yonder is Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath. There is the narrow spit of sand which separates the sheltered bay from

"Old ocean's gray and solitary waste"

beyond. Far away to the left, in the town of Duxbury, glistening in the sunlight, may be seen the monument erected to the memory of Miles Standish. Below and to the right are the quaint and curious houses of the old town, standing at all angles to the narrow and crooked streets, with hotels bearing the names of Samoset and Massasoit, famous Indians of the early days. Beyond the town and still to the right may be seen the old burying-ground hill, with its rude gravestones of slate,—leaning, straggling, and worn,—on which may still be deciphered the family names of many of those who came in the "Mayflower," and of those who founded here the first free commonwealth the world had ever seen; while below the brow of the hill, surrounded by a palisade and protected by a canopy of iron legs, lies the "immortal rock,"—immortal because pressed by the feet of the humble company of the "Mayflower,"—a rock made far more significant and sacred to mankind than that other ancient stone preserved in the royal abbey of Westminster, on which a hundred kings have been crowned!

Standing in these almost sacred precincts, in the midst of these historic surroundings, one is impressed with the character and history and almost imbibes the spirit of early New England.

We have assembled to-night to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of one who more than any man of his day, more than any man who survives him, reflected all that was best and noblest in the life and thought and character and manners of that early New England.

William Cullen Bryant sprang from pure New England stock both on his father's and mother's side. He had a strain of the blood of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins in his veins. From his earliest to his latest day his reticence, his reserve, his grave and serious manners, all bore the early New England stamp. His parents doubted whether they would be able to "raise him," he being physically a frail, but mentally a precocious child. His father who was a physician caused him to be plunged almost daily during the first year of his life into a cold mountain spring to tone up the system of the incipient hero, and prevent the abnormal development of his head, which was unusually large. Notwithstanding this heroic treatment, the boy grew and waxed strong. At twelve months of age he was able to walk. At sixteen months he knew all the letters of the alphabet. At three and a half years of age he commenced the good old New England habit of "going to meeting" with his parents. The family took their dinner with them, and listened each Sunday to two sermons each an hour long, and during the intermission between ate their dinner and were drilled in the

* A paper read at the Bryant Centennial Celebration, Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 3, 1894.

poetry or logic of the "Westminster Catechism." Often the boy was taken by his pious grandfather to a third service held at "early candle lighting" in the neighboring school-house. This was the usual New England drill, and was not lost upon young Bryant. At church the precocious and sensitive youth was often tickled or terrified by hearing sung that famous 105th Hymn of Watts's collection:—

"And are we wretches still alive?
And dare we still rebel?
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,
That bears us up from Hell!"

At five years of age he knew several of Watts's hymns by heart, and mounting his chair, which he called his pulpit, would declaim them to his father's family and friends. At seven years of age he had read his Bible through. Before he was ten years of age he had paraphrased and changed into verse passages from Job and several of the Psalms. At twelve years of age he composed and recited poetical essays before teachers and pupils of the country schools. At fourteen he took a man's interest in politics and the political questions of the day, taking the side of the Federalists, the party of his father, and wrote for the newspapers in prose and verse, ridiculing the character and statesmanship of Jefferson. He especially condemned Jefferson's stupid Embargo, which destroyed the trade, the commerce, and the prosperity of his native New England. Thus early in his very childhood he showed or obtained a bias in favor of unrestricted commerce and trade, which was to become the earnest conviction of his later years. At seventeen years of age he arrived at intellectual maturity, and wrote the immortal "Thanatopsis," an event that marks the dawn of the Golden Age of American literature, an age including Prescott and Bancroft, Motley and Hildreth, Parkman and Green, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell,—a golden age closed a few days ago by the death of the brilliant, witty, genial, and incomparable Holmes, the last survivor of this illustrious band of New Englanders, of whom Bryant was the first.

The brilliant promise of Bryant, the boy, was amply fulfilled in Bryant, the man. He never had the advantages or disadvantages which wealth and powerful family influence bestow. He never graduated at any college. He never "studied" in "Germany." Although self-educated and self-instructed, he yet became a scholar of more than ordinary attainments. He was a thorough student of the English law. He was well versed in the physical sciences of his day. He spoke with correctness and some fluency several of the languages of modern Europe. He read Latin with ease, and was master of the noble language of Homer and Thucydides; but, better than all, Bryant was master of good old, solid, direct, idiomatic English, and believed that the language of Shakspere and Milton is, on the whole, the most powerful and most perfect instrument for the expression of human thought, whether in prose or verse, that man has ever possessed. He was an all-round scholar; for he was a student of nature, as well as a student of books.

"The hills
Rock ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green,"—

all had their suggestion and instruction for him. He was reverent and humble in the presence of nature; for he heard the voice of God in the laughing brook, in the singing bird, in the whispering of the mindless wind as it swept through the branches of the trees in the lonely forest. All the phenomena of nature spoke in the language of poetry to Bryant. What a fine lesson he draws from the simple flight of the water-fowl as he watches it fly across the heavens, and disappear upon the distant horizon!

"Thou'rt gone. The abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

We can admire and honor Bryant as a poet, a scholar, and man of genius; but we shall admire and honor him far more when

we remember that he was the very embodiment of early New England conscience and courage. For nearly fifty years he was the editor and principal owner of a leading daily metropolitan newspaper, the New York *Evening Post;* and during that long period he did not allow his paper, which still possesses in a great measure the high character which he swerved upon it, to swerve one hair's-breadth from the course dictated by his conscience and sense of duty. He never toyed with economic fallacies. He never pandered to popular delusions. He never considered what course in politics or upon social or religious questions would bring popularity to his newspaper or a grist to his mill. He was indifferent to public clamor. He was fearless of opposition. What is true? What is just? What is right? These questions answered, no cajolery, no threats, no pecuniary interest, could move this worthy descendant of the Pilgrims from his course. Bryant's sense of public duty was as overmastering and characteristic as that of old Abraham Davenport, who, when thick darkness fell upon the land at mid-day, and the people, terror-stricken, believed that the end of the world was at hand, called out to the chairman of the Connecticut Assembly, of which he was a member: "Mr. Chairman, let the candles be brought in. If the end of the world has come, let God find us doing our appointed work and standing at the post of duty."

Notwithstanding the severe sternness of his character, Bryant possessed a kind and generous heart. He early championed the cause of the slave. He advocated the enfranchisement of women. Any cause designed to relieve the unfortunate or help the poor received his earnest support. He gave away the larger part of his income in charity. The downtrodden and oppressed of all lands were sure of his sympathy. He appreciated and loved the beautiful in art, and strove to bring its elevating influence within reach of all the people. In short, "whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report,"—all these things William Cullen Bryant not only "thought about" in obedience to the injunction of the apostle, but he did infinitely more: he illustrated and exemplified them in his daily life.

The personal appearance of Bryant in his youth and early manhood was that of a typical New Englander. He was lank and thin, clean shaven. His long chin, sunken cheeks, and high forehead gave him a "long-favored" look; and he had a grave and serious expression of countenance. He had a large mouth, prominent nose, deep-set, sharp, and inquisitive eyes; and his large head was thickly covered with light brown hair, wavy and fine. Unlike the typical brother Jonathan, he was always neatly and tastefully dressed. In his old age Bryant presented an entirely different aspect. His great bald head, his flowing white beard and mustache, his face covered and creased by a thousand wrinkles, his deep-set eyes flaming from beneath a scraggy and Olympian brow, recalled to the observer the idea of a venerable patriarch or prophet of ancient times; and the imaginative scholar, as he saw him walking, self-absorbed, upon the streets of the city, or rambling over the hills of his early New England home, and recalled his translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, may well have compared him to old Homer himself, wandering upon the shores of the Ægean Sea, and picturing for all time, in immortal verse, the heroes and gods of the antique world!

The domestic side of the character of Bryant is as sweet, gentle, and loving as its public side was uncompromising, serious, and stern. He married, when twenty-seven years of age, a beautiful country girl of a town adjoining his own native Cummington. No greater compliment can be paid to her than to say that she was in every way worthy of him. They passed together nearly fifty years of happy wedded life. Upon her death, about a dozen years before his own demise, the world seemed to lose much of its interest and joy for him. No day passed that he did not think and speak of his dear Frances. He tried to imagine her still at his side. His poem entitled "October, 1866," in memory of her, was one of the most touching and beautiful he ever wrote:—

"In what fair region dost thou now abide?
Hath God, in the transparent deeps of
space,

Through which the planets in their journey glide,
Prepared for souls like thine a dwelling-place?

"May we not think that near us thou dost stand
With loving ministrations? for we know
Thy heart was never happy when thy hand
Was forced its tasks of mercy to forego!

"May'st thou not prompt with every coming day
The generous aim and act, and gently win
Our restless, wandering thoughts to turn away
From every treacherous path that leads to sin?"

Shakspere in the play of "Julius Cæsar" gives expression to one of the sublimest ideas in all literature when he "personifies" nature, and then tells how nature *stands up* to do honor to the ancient Brutus. No one but the imperial Shakspere could conceive or would dare use such a figure. We cannot say that all nature *stands up* to do honor to William Cullen Bryant, but we can say that in his just and noble character he will stand forth in the years to come luminously conspicuous among his fellows, an honor to nature, an honor to his country, and an honor to his race.

W. D. Harriman.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A CHRISTMAS MELODY.

FAITH.

Faith is in the cradle,
Hush! let us wait!
Soon these lids will open,—
A glance that readeth fate.
When this child awaketh,
Wondrous things shall be,—
What man's sense ne'er seeth
The soul of man shall see;
And in this vision clear
Heaven shall seem near,
And God's light shining here.

HOPE.

Hope is in the cradle,
And blue its infant eyes,
As if forsooth they borrowed
Tint of the doming skies:
Ever they look upward,
Ever they see the best,—
Vision of coming triumphs
To calm the heart's unrest.
Hark! hear the child-voice say:
"To-morrow excelleth to-day,
So shall it be alway."

LOVE.

Love is in the cradle,
Angels sing its birth:
The hour is charged with blessing
For thee, O happy Earth!
Rise, child! and swing thy sceptre,
Reign for God o'er men.
Bear all, dare all, and fail not
Till Eden come again.
In thee, O gracious Love,
We see, as from above,
The Spirit like a dove.

Edward B. Payne.

Berkeley, Cal.

A POET OF "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT": FELICIA HEMANS.

II.

A delightful stay at Abbottsford was the main feature of a visit made by Mrs. Hemans to Scotland in the summer of 1829. We may imagine the pleasure with which she spent long mornings in rambling with Sir Walter Scott, listening to his rich store of local traditions. It is to his giving her a description he had had from a friend of the ecstasy with which the German soldiers, returning from the war of liberation, greeted the first glimpse of the Rhine, that we are indebted for her stirring lyric, "Rhine Song of the German Soldiers after Victory." It was set to music, for a solo and chorus. When visiting Newark Tower, a couple of tourists were seen hurrying off, when Sir Walter exclaimed, smiling, "Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from!" While at Edinburgh she describes herself as not always able to escape from "the inconveniences of celebrity," and, in her blithe and charming letters, relates how, having gone to hear a famous preacher, "in discoursing upon the various excellences of that somewhat overrated insect, the ant, he exhorted his hearers to look upon 'that *gifted individual*,' and take pattern by her virtues!"

In June, 1830, she was the guest of Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and wrote: "In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying, on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how *could* you be so giddy?' He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think,

be half so safely intrusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. —— insisted that Dr. Channing might be." The idea of Wordsworth being secretly fond of mischief, and being "so giddy" about anything whatever, is, at least, a refreshing shock to some of us who have heard he had no sense of humor, but resembled Sydney Smith's typical Scotchman in requiring a surgical operation to enable his head to receive a joke. It is less pleasing to hear him asserting that he considered "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled," and which Mrs. Hemans said she thought had been overrated, to be "Trash! stuff! miserable inanity!" and so forth.

Even when she had exchanged the poet's house for lodgings in a quiet little cottage called the "Dove's Nest," near Ambleside, she complains that she "was actually found out here last night by a party of American travellers"; also that she has recently received a long letter from an American who, among other choice absurdities, declares that he "is about to send me a pair of Indian moccasins, with my 'illustrious name interwoven in the buckskin of which they are composed with wampum beads.' If I receive this precious gift before I return to Liverpool, I shall positively make my appearance *en squaw* the very first evening I come to —— street; and pray tell Dr. —— that, with these moccasins, and *a blanket to correspond*, I shall certainly be able to defy all the rigors of the ensuing winter." No wonder that the poetess "had often spoken playfully of making a collection of the whimsical letters with which she was assailed," or that she wrote, "The young ladies, as I feared, brought an album concealed in their shawls, and it was levelled at me like a pocket pistol before all was over." And again, "Is it not very strange, and hateful, and weariful, that, wherever I go, some odd old creature is sure to fall in love with me just out of spite?"

But, although, as her sister says, "she had that quick sense of the ludicrous which is the frequent concomitant of an intense perception of the beautiful," her jokes were always harmless, and she hated to give pain. The whole record of her pure and transparent nature shows her to have been one of the souls, always too rare among us, who have learned the golden truth in Wordsworth's lines,—

"Never to link our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Among her many literary friends, such as Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, and Joanna Baillie, Miss Jewsbury filled a prominent place.* Full of talent which she did not live to mature, she won from Wordsworth the opinion that, "in one quality, quickness in the motions of the mind, she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal." She had been in correspondence with Mrs. Hemans, and in the late summer of 1828, shortly before her friend's departure from Wales, took a cottage near Rhyllon, St. Asaph, in order to become acquainted with the poetess in person. In her tale "The Three Histories" she draws her friend's portrait under the name of "Egeria," too long for quotation, and ending with, "I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

The likeness, engraved from a miniature, and prefixed to the first volume of Mr. Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," shows an exquisitely refined but spirited-looking woman, somewhat past thirty, with rich auburn hair, clustering in curls in the fashion of the day, large, intelligent eyes, delicately formed nose, and an expressive mouth. It has all the fascination we should look for from one so gifted, and we understand how the old Welsh gardener used to say, "Miss Felicia could *'tice* him to do anything." Highly intellectual, but not in the least tinged with sentimentality, the sight of this fair face makes our hearts bleed for the poetess's long struggle under the weight of her sorrows so bravely and silently borne. During the latter part of her life she wrote much for magazines, thankful to earn money toward defraying the expenses of educating the three boys still under her care. We do not hear

* Maria Jane Jewsbury, born in Manchester, who, after surmounting great obstacles in the way of ill-health, domestic cares, and insufficient mental cultivation, became known as a successful writer in prose and verse. She married Rev. Mr. Fletcher, accompanied him to India, and died of cholera the next year. Her sister, Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury, was celebrated as a novelist, some forty years ago.

whether Captain Hemans, to whom the two eldest had been sent in 1828, was able or willing to assist her in this. Small wonder that her health, never too strong, began to fail so soon. Like too many a child of genius, she seems to have lacked certain practical qualities, and the faculty of taking proper care of herself. She never could learn to be prudent. She was always too impulsive, and owned herself to be ill-fitted for city life and the conventionalities of society. She never ceased to pine after her wild Welsh mountains and seashore. Queen Mary of Scotland hardly grieved more at bidding adieu to the shores of France than did Mrs. Hemans at sailing away from the land of her youth, hiding her face in her cloak, and bidding her boys to tell her when the hills were out of sight. No wonder that Wavertree seemed like banishment!

In 1831 she removed to Dublin, still hoping for advantages for her sons, and attracted by the fact of her brother Major Browne being stationed in Ireland. The change, as might have been expected, proved hardly a happy one. It is true that, wherever she went, she made appreciative friends, and at Dublin received much kindness, especially from Archbishop Whately and his wife. But her long-tried health and spirits began to be permanently on the decline, though she never flagged in devotion to her duties or her chosen work. "I have now," she wrote, "passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind often connected with the passionate study of art in early life. Deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks.* Indeed, I believe deep sorrows, such as have been my lot through life, have not only a tendency to elevate, but, in some respects, to calm the spirit. At least, they so fill it as to prevent the intrusion of little fretting cares. I have an ample share of these, too; but they shall not fret me."

In the summer of 1834 she underwent a sharp attack of scarlet fever, caught at an inn whither she had gone for country air, and had been culpably kept in ignorance of the fact of the infection being in the house. On her return to Dublin, being advised to keep in the fresh air as much as possible she, one day in autumn, allowed herself to linger over a book, seated on a bench in the public garden, until encircled by the chill of a heavy fog. She hurried home; but the mischief was done, and from this time her last illness may be said to have begun. "She felt, as she often afterwards declared, a presentiment that from that moment her hours were numbered." Attacks of ague gradually passed into a severe and lingering form of dropsy. She suffered much, but never complained or lost her peacefulness of soul. In one of her intervals of comparative comfort she wrote her noblest lyric, "Despondency and Aspiration," also a series of sonnets called "Thoughts during Sickness." She projected a long work, "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood." It is gratifying to know that these months of illness were softened by the devotion of friends and relatives, and brightened by the unexpected kindness of Sir Robert Peel, who not only appointed her fourth son * to a clerkship in the Admiralty, but, with the utmost delicacy, made a most generous donation to the dying poetess, now unable to work. Her mind being relieved from pressing care, she began to indulge in visions of recovery. She felt that she had now gained her mental maturity, and longed to leave some one lofty work behind. "It has ever been one of my regrets," she wrote, "that the constant necessity of providing sums to meet the exigencies of the boys' education has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions. I have always, hitherto, written as if in the breathing-time of storms and billows." Her last poem was the "Sabbath Sonnet," written April 26; and on the evening of May 16, 1835, she passed quietly away, being only a few months over the age of forty-one.

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*Mrs. Jameson declared that "the poetry of Mrs. Hemans could only have been written by a woman"; while Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, pronounced her to be "the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of."

*Her fifth and youngest son, Charles Isidore Hemans, the unfailing companion of her long last illness, became known as a writer upon the antiquities of Rome, where he resided for many years. It is said that he joined the Romish Church, and afterward quitted it. He published several volumes relating to archaeology, and died in 1871.

She was buried in a vault in St. Anne's Church, near the house where she died. On the tablet above her tomb, after her name and age, are inscribed the well-known sad, sweet lines from "The Siege of Valencia," which are sung as the dirge for the young daughter of Gonzalez, and which, like so many others she has written, in their tranquil and perfect simplicity come home to every heart.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die!"

She should have been laid among her own wild Welsh mountains, in the sound of the sea she so loved. Fresh air and flowers seem to belong to the tomb of one who, as she wrote, was wont to "dream of all things free." We remember in an English magazine, long ago, some musical verses on "the grave of Felicia Hemans," beginning:

"This her grave! Ah me, she should be sleeping
In some country churchyard far away."

The dreary vault in the Dublin church was not more painfully unsuited to one like her than were too many of her surroundings in this world. She always contended that fame alone could never satisfy a woman's heart. The aspirations of her poet-mind are always accompanied by the low undertone of sadness of the woman who, as a wife, had scarcely tasted happiness. It has grown to be the fashion to question her claim to a place in literature. She is thought too imaginative, too gentle, for this over-strenuous age; and so we find her neglected, or else underrated even by so large-minded and discriminating a critic as Stopford Brooke. We do not pretend to determine her precise rank among her contemporaries, nor venture to predict how long she will be remembered. But, while her national poems, her "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School," her "Graves of a Household," and many other touching or stirring lyrics continue to be loved, and scarcely to be read without tears, by numbers, who perhaps hardly care for her more ambitious works, oblivion will not become the fate of one who, as Tennyson said of Wordsworth, "uttered nothing base, and who was always aspiring, always loving" whatsoever things are of good report. In this age of realism she is blamed for being an idealist. Margaret Fuller speaks of one who was blamed for making young girls "want to see heroes." It was heroism in its highest forms that Felicia Hemans made her readers love. There is much concerning her whereon we have not space to dwell,—her versatility of mind, her quickness in study, her skill in music, in languages and translating, so that a gentleman, who in her youth had given her some instruction in Latin, "used to deplore that she was not a man, to have borne away the highest honors at college." Nor in this, our age of college-bred women, is it fair to blame her for the absence of pronounced interest in the woman's cause, and kindred subjects which in her own day were hardly thought of. In ours she would doubtless have uplifted her poet's voice on behalf of her sex in their upward progress as bravely and sweetly as she, two generations ago, devoted her gifts to glorifying the themes of love and home.

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

The sunny summer months are gone,
The autumn, too, is past;
The birds to milder climes have flown,
Cold blows the wintry blast.
The great trees sway their branches bare,
With melancholy sound.
The feathery flakes are in the air,
And white is all the ground.

But in the home a hearty cheer
On walls and faces glows.
The firelight dances red and clear,
And mocks at winter's snows.
And on the street, with nimble feet,
The children romp and play;
And laugh and shout are ringing out
To welcome Christmas Day.

Yes, hail! and welcome without end!
Thou Day that gave to earth
The rarest gift that heaven could send,
In Christ our Saviour's birth,
That through the centuries of years
Hast echoed still one song
Of peace and love from God above
To earth's swift pressing throng.

But thou'lt see many a care-worn face,
And many a tear-dimmed eye;
Thou'lt hear the moan of hearts left lone
And the pitiful children's cry.
For the world is heavy with many woes,
And sick with the pains of sin,
And never such need for the Christmas creed
Its way in the world to win.

Yes, welcome! and teach us, thou Christmas Guest,
The secret of realms on high;
Let this Christmas-tide in our souls abide,
A fountain of charity.
Henceforth, in the spirit of Mary's Son,
May we order our works and ways,
Till the kingdoms of earth and heaven are one,
And all days Christmas days.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia.

LITURGY AND PRIESTHOOD.

Senator George F. Hoar, in his opening address as president of the National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches at Saratoga, admirably stated the right of Unitarians to fellowship with the Church Universal, and eloquently expressed his conception of the true function of the Christian priesthood. The present importance of these subjects leads us to call the attention of our readers to the following extracts from the address, which did not appear in the condensed report published in the *Unitarian* for November.

Unitarians have a liturgy and a priesthood. Our liturgy is the liturgy in which the desire of humanity for worship has in all ages found expression.

The essential of the liturgy is the worship in the congregation of the unseen and eternal Ruler of the universe with prayer and song. All else is form and accident and convenience. We not only have these in common, with rare exceptions, with the whole Christian world, but they are older than Christianity itself. They are older than history. They are older than the day when Agamemnon, king of men, prayed to Jove with the Greek captains,

"With hands and voice advanced to heaven,"

or when Abraham called on God between Bethel and Hai.

That mysterious law by which, in a human assembly, every emotion is multiplied in each heart by sympathy with every other has led mankind to seek society in its cry to an unseen power for help, or its voice of thanksgiving or praise, from the beginning of time. And let us thank God that, with whatever else pertaining to religion the evil passions of men may have mingled, when the heart's worship has found musical utterance there has been no jangle or discord. When the Muses sang at ths court of Jove and Apollo touched the strings, when the harp of Jubal resounded, when Miriam raised her song of praise, when David touched the sacred lyre,

"When Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priests' and warriors' voice between,"

when the disciples sang the first Christian hymn at the last supper, when the soft voice of music broke upon the darkness of the catacombs, when its lofty tone filled the domes of ancient synagogues or sounded in cathedral arches, when the Covenanters' strain arose from the mossy hillside, when the Pilgrim sang on the deck of the "Mayflower," or broke the silence of the eternal forest with the anthem of the free,—it has been one song, one harmony, unbroken from the beginning, and shall continue one song, one harmony, unbroken until time shall be no more.

We also believe in a priesthood. We do not propose to submit ourselves to a confessional. We do not attribute any magic virtue to the laying on of hands. Nor do we believe that divine retributions can be averted by any exorcism from shaven lips, or that the traces of an evil life in the soul can be washed out by the sprinkling of a few drops of water, however pure, or by baptism in any blood, however innocent, in the hour of death. But none the less do we need an arm on which to lean, a voice to utter our own needs, an interpreter to us and to our children of the counsel of God in spiritual things. The time comes to all of us, to the strongest, to the most solitary, when the heart needs this consolation. Very tender histories can our pews tell of the comfort that has come to them from the pulpit. If anything on earth can aptly be called a consecration, the devotion of a pure and holy life to this office is consecration.

I beg leave to add, for myself, that I hold that metaphysical, philosophical, or

controversial discussions have no place, or very small place indeed, among the duties of the minister.

To re-enforce the sense of duty; to strengthen the will; to kindle the flame of religious affection; to turn the thoughts to whatever is pure, honest, lovely, and of good report; to make Sunday last through the week; to bring consolation in sorrow; to organize charity; to stimulate Christian activity; to summon youth to holy living and brave dying; to drive the clouds of spiritual darkness from the way of men and from the wayside; to bring the kingdom of God into this world; to bring life as well as immortality to light,—these are the functions of the Christian priesthood.

When you teach your baby to use his fingers, you do not begin with a lecture on the origin and insertion of the flexor and extensor muscles. The training of the athlete is not begun by removing all metaphysic doubt as to the possibility of motion. No profession, no liberal art, no sort of human activity, waits until the question is settled whether consciousness or reason be a trustworthy instrument for acquiring knowledge. We do not wait when the feast is spread, and we are seated at the table, even for a lecture on the chemistry of food, or to know exactly the particular function of the coats of the stomach. The stomach would prefer on such occasions to take off its coat, and go to work. So, to the leading of devoted, pure, and useful lives, in which it is the function of the clergy to be our instructor and guide, a comprehension or a study of the metaphysical and psychological questions which lie at the foundations of faith is not in the least essential. I do not think it is the function of the Christian minister to deal with these questions. There have been a few exceptions, illustrious exceptions,—Jonathan Edwards in early times, perhaps James Walker, and unquestionably James Martineau in recent times. But, as an almost universal rule, the man who is fitted for such discussions, or who has a taste for them, is unfitted by his mental constitution and by his taste for the office of a Christian minister.

> "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

Do not understand me for a moment as implying that the champions of Christianity or the champions of Unitarian Christianity have anything to fear from any foeman in this or any other field of intellectual combat. Tyndall, who had more than once broken a lance with him, on hearing somebody say that James Martineau was the foremost philosophical thinker of the day, answered, "He is the foremost philosophical thinker since Saint Paul."

But none the less for these exceptions I beg leave to say for myself to this assemblage of clergymen what, I believe, is the general opinion of the laity of our denomination and of all denominations,—that, in general, these metaphysical discussions in the pulpit, to use the pithy phrase of Solomon, which our Puritan ancestors so delighted to quote, are but the "crackling of thorns under a pot."

We want, when we go to church, not to hear a continuance of that discussion of

> "Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"

in which Milton leaves his fallen angels engaged in hell, and in which, if they are engaged still, it but serves them right. What we want to hear is counsel and inspiration in the ways of practical righteousness for our boys and girls and for ourselves. We want, when the temptation comes to us in the week-day, to have the lofty counsel which we heard on Sunday ringing in our ears. We want to hear, not of the things in which we differ from other Christians, but of the things in which we agree with other Christians. We want to go to the sermon in the same temper with which we open the hymn-book. We want the end of the sermon and the prayer and the last note of the hymn to be in accord.

Unitarianism does not consist of a statement of things in which we don't believe. Such a statement never saved a soul, and rarely makes a convert. Unitarianism is not made up of negations, doubts, denials, hesitations, uncertainties. It is positive faith and practical works. It does not consist, to any considerable extent, in the things in which we differ from other Christians, but is made up almost entirely of the things in which we agree with them. Al-

though the great body of Christian believers do not call themselves by our name, the great body of Christian believers believe what we believe, think what we think, love what we love, and seek what we seek. In the main, the things in which they differ from us are the non-essential, temporary, changeable, doubtful, and speculative. In general, the less that is said about them, the better. The more that is said about them, the slower they will be to disappear, The things in which we and they agree are permanent, vital, certain, unchangeable.

There are some errors that demand for their overthrow that we bring our whole forces against them, that we unlimber our heavy artillery, that we besiege them as we would a fortress.

These are errors of conduct or of morals. There are other errors that these processes seem to strengthen and perpetuate. The way to get rid of them is simply to think and talk of something else.

We have also a scheme of salvation. We believe that the sinner is to be saved by the influence of divine truth and by the salvation of the soul, not from the consequences of sin, but from sin. We believe that salvation is character, and not escape. I hold that this Unitarian doctrine, when not uttered in theological phrases, or as a challenge to controversial discussion, is, in general, the belief of intelligent Christendom to-day. It is to be noted that wherever in all our religious literature, sacred or profane, we find the most terrible assertion of the awful doctrine of a material punishment,—in Isaiah, in Dante, in Jonathan Edwards,—the condition of the redeemed soul is a condition of purity. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." The degrees of the Paradiso are degrees not so much of celestial joy as of celestial purity.

"The life of the new man," says Jonathan Edwards, "is a life of sincere and honest endeavor to be universally and increasingly holy. And this is one reason why he longs to be in heaven, that he may be perfectly holy. Love is a holy fire within him; and, like any other flame which is in a degree pent up, it will and does struggle for liberty, and this its struggling is a struggle for holiness."

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

[The wit and brilliancy of the great Autocrat causes us sometimes to forget that he could write with extraordinary tenderness. It would be difficult to find a more touching poem than the following among the writings of any poet.]

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this, A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

O. W. Holmes.

God is truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life,— that is to love God. God is infinite; and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upward ever to see the ideal still above us, and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect even as the Father is perfect,—that is to love God.—*F. W. Robertson.*

BEAUTY: ITS RELATION TO LIFE AND TO RELIGION.

IV.

In the reactionary movement of the times toward beauty, the Protestant churches are borne along with irresistible force. Vast sums of money are expended on them to make them artistic within and without. The stained windows, tempering into mystic spell the radiance of the sun, the frescos, the pictures, the chants, the chorals and responses, are making their way back again. And why not? In the church, as I would have it, there should be sculpture and painting, fine music and flowers, to help make men religious and moral. From busts and pictures the faces of the wise and good should look upon the living, to rebuke them for the lower level of their life, to remind them that they "can make their lives sublime," to inspire them to renewed striving after ideal character. In their faces we see reflected the eternal soul of all beauty.

In a sermon of W. C. Gannett, I find this anecdote. A man, after silently gazing for a long time at John Brown's bust, exclaimed, "Well, he ought to have been hung!" "Why so?" some one asked in surprise. "Because he makes all the rest of us look so mean." Yes, the faces of the noble in picture or bust, or in real life, make us look mean. They make us seem mean to ourselves. And therein lies the inspiration of them. The Greeks and Romans understood well how to impress religious sentiment on the people through the forms of art. The effect of keeping before the public gaze their statues of Purity, the Vestal Virgins, and the like, could hardly be otherwise than good.

Nature first wooed man to investigate the secrets of her powers, and to ascertain her laws, by the beauty of her manifestations. So there are men and women drawn into the church through the spell some form of beauty exercises over them. They are hardly open to persuasion save through their sense of taste. It is wonderful how much religious emotion, how much sweet and purifying sentiment, radiate into human souls from a few flowers or strains of music. A simple rose or lily on the pulpit will sometimes excite a worshipful mood, deep with feelings of reverence, trust, and sympathy. I was pleased to learn that the late Jay Gould was passionately fond of flowers. If you would turn the churches into a greenhouse, you might attract such a man into it, and perhaps make him religious. To some who are deficient in the sense of the beautiful, this seems nonsense. Dr. Lyman Beecher used to say to Henry Ward, when he talked in such fashion, "It is all moonshine, my son." "Yes, and sunshine, too, father," replied Henry. Speaking of this matter in later years, the great Brooklyn preacher said, "I never had, under preaching, anything like such a personal feeling of holiness, or such a sense of nearness and overpowering presence of the other world brought to me, as through that principle of the soul which takes cognizance of fine, beautiful things, the sense of taste."

Let us, then, make more of art in public worship, and yet not make so much of it that the attention is distracted by an overprofusion of beauteous images. Worship that becomes a thing merely of eye and ear makes a shallow worshipper, without the clearness of thought or the real deepness of feeling that have as their end to get something done for man in this world. I would avoid, therefore, emphasizing too much the element of beauty and the sense of taste. The sense of taste is closely allied with the religious sense, but it is not necessarily religion. There are persons who have the most sensitive eye and ear for the beautiful. They know the fine points in a building, a picture, a piece of sculpture. Any violation of the harmonies in music they readily detect. Instinctively, they perceive the grace of form in literature. And yet they fall quite short of saving earnestness, either in religion or morals. Life is a matter of more than æsthetics. While it is sometimes the case that truth and goodness, to commend themselves, must come with beauty's credentials, yet there are such persons as Tennyson speaks of: "A glorious Devil, . . . that did love beauty only."

To push my thought no farther than I have already done would be to leave the reader in the outer court of beauty. I should leave out the heart of my intent if I had no word for beauty in a higher aspect than that which appeals to eye and ear. The beauty which should command our

worship is the beauty that serves the highest needs of the soul. Any work of art that falls short as an expression of moral and spiritual intent by so much falls short of excellence. In her clouds and stars, her seas and mountains, trees and flowers, nature is beautiful because she excites in man the sense of something more than all these, something organic, universal, and unchangeable in all the changing forms. The glory of the Lord shines in these things. And the true artist will give hint of that glory. His work will suggest a higher beauty which he aimed to express, and could not. The architecture, the sculpture, the painting, the music, which best stand the test of time's progress, and which are of most universal interest, speak of the soul of things. They give an uplift into some thought or emotion of spiritual drift. They quicken some aspiration after the ideal, express some universal truth of character and life, warm the heart with a noble sentiment of courage, of justice, hope, faith, love. The highest art is morally useful as well as beautiful. It expresses character and aspiration.

The highest beauty vouchsafed to us in this earth-world is one of human character. It is the phosphorescence and efflorescence of truth and goodness. Mere physical charms give us no permanent satisfaction. They are but the fleeting robes of beauty in which God clothes the spirit for a season. They are like the leaves of the tree: they fade and shrivel and fall away with years. The individual must have another beauty than this of the external, else the man or the woman will lose attraction for the nearest and dearest fellow-beings. The beauty of personality that retains the homage of men must strike from within.

Tennyson describes Maud in his poem of that name as

"But a cold and clear-cut face . . .
Perfectly beautiful, . . .
. . . . . .
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more."

This "dead perfection" of form spiritually expressionless, fit only to sit for soulless portraits, or be a model for the fashionable dressmaker, is not the beauty of the blessed immortals. Addison has described the truly beautiful woman that walks the queen of earth:—

"Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee.
. . . . . .
Life wanders up and down
Through all thy face, and lights up every charm."

Nobility of soul gives the animating grace of the Absolute Beauty. Without this, whatever the perfection of outward form, the enchantment will be dispelled. Truth and goodness are so vital to the universe that he who is centred in these has a transcendent beauty that attracts people in spite of the most ungainly form. Great qualities of mind and heart transfigure the person. They shine through, and hide the physical deformities of man. Demosthenes was not a pleasing figure, but moral passion put such celestial fire into face and speech that the Athenians were transported with patriotic sentiment. According to the outward standard Socrates seems to have carried one of the most homely faces among a people drunk with the love of physical beauty; and yet he had an irresistible attraction for good men of the widest diversity of taste and capacity. Why? His power lay in the beauty of wisdom and virtue.

Moses Mendelssohn, a famous German Jew, was very ill-made up, with his dwarfed figure, his humped back and stammering voice; but the charm of his personal character made his friends, and the beautiful maiden who married him, forget all his physical impediments.

Sir Philip Sidney, for three centuries the model of a courtly, true-hearted gentleman, figures in our imagination for physical graces; and yet we are told on good authority that he had a face "spoiled with pimples." So in time perhaps our descendants will be picturing Abraham Lincoln as a man beautiful even in form. It is because he had the higher beauty of a thoroughly genuine and large-hearted nature, a beauty that lighted up his angular face with the sunshine of kindly humor or the sweetest rays of a melancholy divinely profound. Whether we see or do not see persons, if we are impressed with goodness on their part, we idealize them on the side of beauty.

The little blind girl in one of our popular plays got at the heart of the matter. Prattling away to a lawyer, she exclaimed, "Oh, my uncle is so handsome!" "How do you know he is handsome?" asked the lawyer. "Because he's good. Ain't all good people handsome?"

And it is beauty of character, it is the beauty of wisdom and virtue, that shine round men with imperishable glory. What an inspiration and reflected light we get from a look into the faces of some of the sons and daughters of God! It was once my fortune to meet Ralph Waldo Emerson in his own native town of Concord. I shall never forget it. For I regard it as one of heaven's most priceless blessings vouchsafed to me on earth. This meeting was the year of his death. As I passed a few words with him, I gazed with reverent gratitude into his face. It had the flush of some of the autumn leaves in the woods made sacred with his footsteps. A benignant smile played over it like unto the last beams of the setting sun on the deeps of the ocean at rest. In that face was the harmony of one who is at peace with himself, and with the world of persons and things. In it shone divine strength and repose. The beauty of the New Testament words, "the peace of God that passeth understanding," was revealed to me as never before. I caught sight of the inner truthfulness of the story of Jesus' transfiguration in the eyes of the three disciples. As I recall this incident again, I feel like referring to the impression this white soul made upon the rugged, tempest-tossed Carlyle. Of his parting from him in England he said: "I saw him go up the hill: I didn't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount, and vanish like an angel." In the presence of these heavenly spirits clad in earth forms, the question of Jesus comes with new force,—"Why sayest thou, Show us the Father?" Is not the Father shining through them? Is he not making himself visible to us in the faces and lives of men and women beautiful in his righteousness?

I have seen persons of meagre intellectual culture and of no marked physical beauty who seemed positively beautiful simply because they inspired a feeling of their native goodness. They had grown in intelligence and a winning grace through a practical life of benevolence and self-sacrifice. For a beautiful life reflects back on mind and body. A beautiful soul tends to mould the temple of its habitation in the likeness of beauty. There is nothing like pure thought, a mastery of appetite and passion, and active benevolence to preserve and enhance the charms of physical health itself. There are no cosmetics and drugs like these to put elasticity into the step, heaven in the eye, and to hang on the cheeks the jewel of a fascinating smile. There is much reason in Swedenborg's fancy that after death the face assumes the likeness of the ruling affection. The human form becomes more beautiful the more interiorly the individual had loved divine truths. It is substantially true here in this life that the face grows more beautiful the more beautiful grows the soul. So, of course, on the contrary, ugliness in the soul puts ugliness into the body. In face and form are registered all indulgence in anger, in envy, resentment, lust, all abuse of appetite and passion, all nourishment of selfishness in one's nature.

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Some persons seem what has been finely phrased "organized spirituality." Balzac has undertaken to give us an ideal type of this in the ethereal character of Serafhita. Their presence brings with it a sweet, impalpable atmosphere of influence. Wherever they go, they radiate grace and light and life. It is as if a beautiful maiden walked through a room with roses on her breast that exhale about her a rich perfume. The tone of their voice, the gleam of their eye, the smile of their face, the fleeting passage of their person, like a spotless white dove momentarily occupying our vision,—oh, what ineffable notes of spiritual harmony they sometimes strike in ourselves!

"Knowing not vice nor hunger's ways;
In girlhood's pure and wistful thought,
She passed me; but I caught
The glorious beauty of her face.
Beneath her garments perfume-fraught
She moved with such a splendid grace,
I knew a strain of music passed,—
Her buoyant stepping held me fast!"

In some sermon or other Prof. Swing commended the wisdom of John Ruskin in founding a large school prize of money for each girl who should graduate in the greatest beauty of character. I heartily join in the sentiment; for beauty of character is the transcendent beauty of this earth. It has the power of the universe behind it. Of all beauty this is the one of which we should be most enamoured. It is the beauty that wins a far more precious and lasting prize than that of John Ruskin, the prize of loyal human hearts and the preservative sanctities of the living God. It is the beauty that waxes ever more beautiful and attractive. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," faces wrinkle, eyes grow dim, voices crack with age, the charms of body drop away like forest leaves of autumn; but the beauty of the soul moulded in truth and goodness shines with the glory of the Eternal.

G. W. Buckley.

Sturgis, Mich.

A BRYANT CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Among the various celebrations of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant, one of much interest was held at Ann Arbor, Mich. The Unitarian church was crowded with university students, professors, and townspeople. A fine large picture of the great poet was on the platform, in view of the audience. Judge W. D. Harriman spoke of "Bryant, the Man"; Prof B. A. Hinsdale, of "Bryant, the Scholar, Journalist, and Orator"; Prof. I. N. Demmon on "Bryant's Place in American Literature"; and Prof. J. T. Sunderland, upon "Bryant as an Ethical and Religious Teacher." A poem on "The Centennial Birthday of Bryant" was read by Hon. L. D. Barbour of Detroit, a regent of the university. Another short poem was contributed to the occasion by Rev. J. P. Hutchinson of Ann Arbor, and a hymn by Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, N.Y. Letters were read from Mr. John Bryant of Princeton, Ill., the poet's brother; from Mr. Parke Godwin of New York, Bryant's son-in-law and long his editorial colleague; and from Rev. Theodore C. Williams, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, New York, of which Bryant was many years a member.

Mr. John Bryant's letter was of considerable length, and gave many interesting facts regarding his brother's earlier years and his personal habits and characteristics in later life that had never been in print. We should be glad to reproduce it, did not our space forbid.

A sentence from Mr. Godwin's letter gives so concise and admirable a characterization of Bryant that we must quote it. Said the writer: "Mr. Bryant was a man of genius, of consecration, and of courage. To his genius we owe the poems which have given us instruction and pleasure, to his conscience the patriot who saw in politics always a great ethical purpose, and to his courage the man who, fearless of opposition, pursued justice and truth in all the relations of life. But to us who knew him intimately he appears chiefly as the modest, gentle, and kindly friend."

From Mr. Hutchinson's poem we give a single stanza:—

"And we have been by Bryant richly blest,—
Bryant, who lived to see and sing and soar,
Who lives in all men's homage evermore,
The strong and gentle Wordsworth of the West."

A few lines must suffice from Regent Barbour's poem:—

"To him the springs were springs of life,
The groves were temples reared for praise;
The morning light was radiance from above;
The genial warmth of summer time
Was token of eternal love.
He breathed the vigor of the sun,
He bathed him in the starlight's gentleness;
From rippling rills
That trickled down the sides of hills
He drank in purity and love of peace.

Mature in youth and young in age,
His days were calm, his life serene;
No idle years
Gave cause for tears,
No grievous error brought him ruth;
The story that he lived was as a page
Writ down with graciousness and truth.

He served his country well,
Not in the battle's hell,
But with his pen,
That conquered hearts of men,
He pointed out the way
Where justice and where honor lay.
O saintly soul! to thee our thanks arise,
For such a life, so calm, so strong, so wise!
Oh, teach *us*, too, to strive
For earth's true gold, for heaven's highest prize."

Mr. Chadwick's "Hymn" we give entire:—

Thou mighty God, who didst of old
The psalmist's wondrous song inspire,
Our hearts are glad that every age
Is touched by thy immortal fire.

We bless thee for that radiant band
Whose voices on our Western shore
Have made a music clear and sweet,
Which men shall love forevermore.

Dear poet of the cheerful heart,
How can our voices, choked with tears,
Lift up aright a song to him
Whose cycle counts a hundred years?

He loved the vales, the woods, the streams,
The mountains cheered his loftier mind;
The winds, their summits nurtured, found
His soul as free and unconfined.

A deeper joy his song instilled
For every flower that gems the sod,
He looked through Nature's trembling veil
And saw the face of Nature's God.

Yet more the press of busy men
Allured him than the forest's aisle,
And more the strife with social ill
Than ever the blue heaven's smile.

Wherever Right her flag unfurled,
And Justice showed a better way,
And Truth and Freedom spurned the night
And hailed the burnished spears of day,—

There was his place, and there he made
His voice a clarion ringing clear
To rouse the sleepers, wake the dead,
And stay the faint with hope and cheer.

O Thou who in the crowded streets
As in the leafy coverts dim
His song inspired, be thou with us
As ever, in his day, with him.

That Nature's good our hearts may fill
With holy peace, while still we move
With tireless feet on Duty's quest,
And do the patient work of Love.

BRYANT, THE SCHOLAR, JOURNALIST, AND ORATOR.

In New England it was formerly the honored custom for every family of character and standing to send at least one son to college, if that end could by any means be accomplished. The choice in the Bryant family falling on William Cullen, he entered Williams College in October, 1810, just as he was closing his sixteenth year. He had studied at home and in the district school, besides which he had, according to the traditionary practice of fitting boys for college in the pastors' studies, taken lessons for several months of two clergymen of the vicinage. Dr. Bryant would have preferred to send his son to Cambridge, but rather took him to the young and feeble college in his own neighborhood, both because it was near by and because it was inexpensive. Williams at the time was a mere academy or high school, having a president, one professor, and two tutors,— a man for a class. The poet entered the Sophomore year; but before its close, having secured his father's consent, he obtained an honorable discharge, and went home with a view of preparing himself for the Junior year at Yale. Soon, however, his father communicated to him the unwelcome intelligence that, owing to poverty, he must abandon the idea of sending him to Yale, and of giving him a full college course. Accordingly, his seven months at Williams were his full measure of college study. This he always thought unfortunate; and he never ceased to regret that he had not been content to remain at Williams, thinking that his father would have been able to maintain him there until he obtained the bachelor's degree.

Early in the century scientific education, as we know it, had not dawned; but, even if it had risen full orbed, there is little reason to think that Bryant's mind would have taken that direction.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible form she speaks
A various language."

But she always spoke to Bryant in the language of poetry, and not the language of the museum or the laboratory. Had he been born a half-century later, he would still have been a disciple of Shakspere and Wordsworth rather than of Lyell, Hooker, and Darwin. His mental bent led him also to humanity, for he says expressly that the poets fostered in him the love of nature.

The young scholar was not discouraged by his disappointment, but zealously continued the work of mental cultivation. His English reading and studies took on a wide range, while he also managed to familiarize himself with the great languages and literatures of modern Europe, French, Spanish, Italian, and German.

But it is probable that mention of Bryant, the scholar, will suggest to most minds the

great work with which his old age was identified. He wrote late in life: "I remember well the delight with which we welcomed the translation of the Iliad by Pope, when it was brought into the house. I had met with passages from it before, and thought them the finest verses that ever were written. My brother and myself, in emulation of the ancient heroes, made for ourselves wooden shields, swords, and spears, and fashioned old hats in the shape of helmets, with plumes of tow, and in the barn, when nobody observed us, we fought the battles of the Greeks and Trojans over again." He took up the study of Greek in the family of one of his clerical tutors, and pursued it with great enthusiasm. "I was early at my task in the morning," he says, "and kept on until bedtime. At night I dreamed of Greek, and my first thought in the morning was of my lesson for the day. At the end of two calendar months I knew the Greek Testament from end to end, almost as if it had been English." His biographer says the greatest benefit that the poet derived from his college studies was his introduction to the Greek poets. The grandeur of their thoughts and the mould of their style found strongly kindred qualities in his own nature. "It was more than an introduction in his case," the biography continues: "it was the awakening of his mind to the peculiar spirit and art of those writers."

Mr. Bryant continued to cultivate Greek literature throughout his laborious life, and on the death of his wife, which occurred in 1865, when he had already passed his seventieth birthday, he formed the plan, as a means of overcoming his depression of mind, of translating the whole of Homer,—a plan which he lived to execute, the Iliad appearing in 1870, and the Odyssey in the year following. In the United States these translations were received with great applause. Scholars praised them highly for their faithfulness to the originals, the clearness of the limpid language, and the beauty of the versification. In England their reception was not equally favorable. This is not the place to discuss them, even if I were the man to undertake that task. It suffices to say that they are certainly remarkable translations for a man of Mr. Bryant's age and occupations to execute, and that they will remain a lasting monument of American scholarship and American letters. They will always be associated also with the tender interest of the pathetic circumstances out of which they grew.

It is not improbable that some persons would look to another quarter than his Homeric studies for the full proof of Mr. Bryant's scholarly attainments. Certainly, such studies, and even literature itself, was rather his avocation than vocation. As an infant, he had been dedicated to the profession of medicine, as his second name will to some suggest; but on his leaving college he fitted for and was admitted to the bar. The practice of the legal profession proved very distasteful and irksome to him, while he was strongly drawn to a literary career. He had begun to write verses — some of which, he says, were "utter nonsense—" in his ninth year; and at an early age he also made essays in prose composition. The author of "Thanatopsis" could hardly be a lawyer. Not unnaturally, therefore, he dropped the law, and for a time became a literary adventurer. Making his way to New York City, he formed in 1826 an editorial connection with the *Evening Post*. His relation was first a subordinate one; but it soon became controlling, and it continued to the end of his life. Mr. John Bigelow, long his editorial associate, said of him after his death, "I think it quite safe to say that for five days out of every week, during at least forty-two of his fifty-two years of editorial service, Mr. Bryant was at his editorial desk before eight o'clock in the morning, and left the impress of his character and genius in some form upon the columns of his journal." Of what other editor, living or dead, can as much be said? Mr. Bigelow also observed that there are two kinds of newspapers,—one kind that aims only to collect and publish news, and so to be the mere history or mirror of the day; another kind that seeks to instruct, to educate, to lead, and to form public opinion. Mr. Bryant belonged to the second class so unmistakably that it is hard, I own, to think of him in connection with the first one. We can no more imagine him as directing a great sensational journal, such a one as could readily be named, than we can imagine Washington presiding over such a saturnalia of spoils as has often been seen

at the National Capitol since 1829, on the inauguration of the President.

We have good reason for thinking that originally the editorship of a political journal was not altogether congenial to Bryant's temperament and taste. He wrote to his friend Dana, "I do not like politics any better than you do; but they get only my mornings, and you know politics and a belly-full are better than poetry and starvation." But this feeling appears soon to have worn off. At all events, he made the *Evening Post* an effective organ of his cherished views and opinions on all matters that he thought came within the domain of public journalism. Remarking upon the rigor and severity of his early editorial writing, Mr. Godwin says, When he was dead, men remembered his early poems and his late editorials.

From one point of view, it is sad to think of the poet as chained for so many years to the daily press, as expending his admirable powers of mind on the bank, the tariff, internal improvements, slavery, and the thousand questions of ephemeral interest that the journalist must make the subject of daily comment or discussion. It seems like harnessing Pegasus to the plough. But there is another and a juster view: these subjects have a great practical interest, society is deeply concerned in them, and it is extremely important that they shall be treated by able, scholarly, and high-minded men. Unfortunately, the tendency in the other direction is only too strong. And it is when one considers the great qualities that Mr. Bryant constantly brought to his journalistic duties that he is constrained to think the fifty-two volumes of the *Evening Post* that he edited a higher test of his mental character and cultivation than the translations of the Greek epics.

It is interesting to inquire what drew Mr. Bryant to the political party that he so long supported with such great zeal. What bound the author of "Thanatopsis" to the hero of New Orleans,—the one a child of sweetness and life, the other of storm and stress. It might seem that such a sensitive, shy, retiring, and austere spirit would rather have been drawn to the party which, it can hardly be doubted, embraced more of the cultivation and refinement of the country. The case is in no sense an isolated one. Very often men of classical mould and temper have been drawn to democracy. Milton was a Roundhead, and not a Cavalier. The solution in both these cases I conceive to be psychological, and not historical. It was the projection of an ideal of humanity into the stern world of reality that made Milton a republican, and Bryant a Democrat. Each poet chose the political party that he believed came nearest to representing his cherished conception of manhood, to the disregard of all else, whether rightly or wrongly we need not answer. But we must not mistake the significance of the fact,—men of the highest cultivation and of character severe to austerity allying themselves with the democracy rather than the aristocracy. Both examples are distinctly of the classical pattern. In both writers, too, we observe the two extremes of thought, represented in Milton by the sweet note of the "Hymn on the Nativity" and the harsh one of the "Apology," and in Bryant by the sweet note of "The Water-fowl" and the strident one of his severe editorials.

While in no sense an orator as the masters use the word, Mr. Bryant still served the public with his voice as well as with his pen. In his youth he delivered lectures on poetry and related subjects. In his age, he was much sought for as a speaker on commemorative and festive occasions. It fell to him to honor in public addresses many distinguished men, both Americans and foreigners. His commemorative discourses on Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and Verplanck, are valuable studies of biography, which hold a permanent place in our literature. Equally happy, if less expanded, are many of his occasional addresses, several of which were delivered at the dedication of statues and the unveiling of busts in Central Park. His last public words were spoken on such an occasion when he was in his eighty-fourth year. It was at the unveiling of the bust of the Italian patriot Mazzini, when he closed with an apostrophe that beautifully expresses the sentiment to which he had devoted his life: —

"Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original, remain for ages yet to come where we place thee, in this resort of millions: remain till the day shall dawn — far

distant though it may be — when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind."

I shall venture to close this paper with an interesting and somewhat amusing incident which I take from a letter recently written by my friend Mr. H. M. James, of Tacoma, Wash. Mr. James, who is an alumnus of Williams College, here gives some particulars of the last college commencement at which the venerable poet appeared.

It was in 1876, two years before Mr. Bryant's death. He appeared very feeble, his great age having bowed him very perceptibly. The centennial exercises held during the year made this commencement a great occasion. Mr. Bryant was president of the alumni that year; and, though there were other distinguished men present, he was plainly the lion of the occasion. At the alumni dinner addresses were made by him, Dr. Hopkins, David Dudley Field, Cyrus W. Field, General Garfield, and some others of well-known fame.

Earlier in the day Dr. Hopkins was delivering before the alumni a centennial oration rehearsing the achievements of the last hundred years. The audience was one of rare quality, being composed almost wholly of graduates of the college; and the church was crowded. Mr. Bryant, as president of the alumni, sat in the pulpit while Dr. Hopkins was speaking. In the course of the address mention was made of the remarkable place in literature which had been achieved by Massachusetts men, and especial mention made of Mr. Bryant. The doctor stated in very terse form that Mr. Bryant in youth manifested all the maturity of age, and in his age retained all the vigor and elasticity of youth; that at seventeen he had written a poem which had become a classic, and at threescore and ten had made a translation of the Iliad more Homeric than Homer himself, "for, unlike Homer," he said, "Bryant never nods." The distinguished poet, being overcome somewhat with the heat and excitement of the day, and somewhat drowsy with listening to the extended address, at this very point dropped his head forward, having temporarily fallen asleep, and almost fell out of his chair, so that, although as a writer he was superior to Homer, on this occasion he did "nod."

B. A. Hinsdale,
Professor of Pedagogy, University of Michigan.

BRYANT'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

When the late Lord Coleridge visited this country a few years before his death, in addressing a body of students at Philadelphia he used the following language: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets, when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American. I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England or Italy or Germany or France as in America; but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural, and invigorating."

These words of the distinguished and cultivated English jurist raise the question as to the meaning of the term *American* when applied to our literature. The term is more or less indefinite, owing to the fact that, unlike all other great nationalities of the world that have produced a literature, we have no distinctively national language. The literary language of the United States is not different from the literary language of Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson writing in California or Samoa uses substantially the same speech as Mr. Henry James writing in London or Paris; and yet we count James American and Stevenson English,—and that, too, though "The Princess Casamassima" and "The Tragic Muse" depict phases of London life, while "The Silverado Squatters" and "The Wrecker" picture phases of American life. The rule seems to be that we shall class as *American* writers born and bred in this country or in some way identified with it by ties of citizenship. It thus appears that our literature is national only in a qualified sense when compared with the national literatures of other countries. Some of our writers are not readily distinguished from British authors by any essential feature, while others exhibit marked national traits. Bryant and Whittier, for example, are much more truly national than are Irving and Longfellow. To return to Lord Coleridge's words, "Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country"; and for this reason he is to be ranked as pre-eminently American.

Let us inquire, for a moment, what these national "characteristics" are of which Lord Coleridge speaks. He himself does not tell us what they are; nor is it easy to be specific in describing them, though we all doubtless feel that there is a basis, no matter how indefinable, for the distinction. Two or three features of Bryant's work that go to justify the distinction may, however, be stated with some definiteness.

1. The words of Washington Irving in describing the work of his countryman will assist us on the first of these. "Bryant's writings," says he, "transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shore of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in its vicissitudes." In other words, Bryant, in his poems of nature, which constitute so important a part of his works, seizes the characteristic features of the American landscape. The breath of the American woodland and hills and sky breathes through his poems as perceptibly as does the atmosphere of the Lake Country through the poems of Wordsworth or that of Ayrshire through the poems of Burns. The local coloring is as true in the work of the American as in that of the Englishman or of the Scotchman. They may sing of the forest and lake and stream and mountain; but their forests are not vast and solemn, nor their lakes or streams wild and nameless, nor do their mountains rise from a wide ocean of foliage. They do not tell us of

"Lone lakes; savannas where the bison roves;
Rocks rich with summer garlands; solemn streams;
Skies where the desert eagle wheels and screams;
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves."

Bryant's poetical imagery, then, is not a conventional imagery borrowed from books, and therefore artificial, but is drawn from the world about him, and is therefore fresh and natural. "The freshness of the early world" is here. By that touch, perfect, though seemingly unconscious, which marks genius, Bryant gave us what he saw. As George William Curtis expressed it, "What Nature said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated."

2. Besides his fidelity to the American landscape, which gives such a pronounced flavor to his nature-poetry, we find him not less true to the spirit of American life and institutions. He is serious, but never gloomy. He believes in man. There is a note of hopefulness and triumph running through all his works. He looks forward, and not backward. If he sings of the past, it is to gather from it lessons of hope, and not of despair.

"Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

"Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

"Thine for a space are they!
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!"

Compare "The Battlefield" and "The Ages" for the same note of triumph.

This spirit of serenity and of hope, and of faith in the moral order of the universe and in the ultimate destiny of man, is a marked characteristic of nearly all our great American writers, and of none of them is it more characteristic than of Bryant.

Among our poets Bryant holds a corresponding place in the order of time to that of Irving among our prose masters. It would be interesting to speculate as to the causes of the unbroken literary dearth in America during the first two centuries of our history. It is common to attribute this dearth to the newness of the country, and the absorbing occupations of the people in bread-winning. This fact, no doubt, explains it in part. We should also add to this the fact that literature during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had nowhere become entirely independent of the fostering influence of patronage,—an influence almost wholly wanting in America; but the chief cause is, doubtless, to be found

in the repressive atmosphere of the Puritan notions about morality and art. Shakspere was not reprinted in America till the year after Bryant's birth!

Mr. Richardson has enlarged upon the "Dawn of Imagination" in America at the beginning of this century. Speaking from the point of view of a historian of literature, he may be justified in the use of the term; but we must not understand that the absence of poetry with life in it during all those years was due to the fact that the cultivated men and women of the time lacked the faculty of imagination. The cause must not be sought in some unusual or strange lack of native endowment, but rather in the absence of a stimulating environment. As soon as favoring conditions arose, poets began to appear. Within a period of fifteen years were born Bryant (1794), Emerson (1803), Longfellow (1807), Whittier (1807), Poe (1809), and Holmes (1809). Lowell, whom we associate with this group, followed ten years later (1819). Bryant leads the list in time, and, like all pioneers in a great movement, has a certain distinction due to priority. Yet he owes less to this vantage-ground than is common; much less, for example, than Irving. His art is truer, because more spontaneous, than Irving's. No one would ever describe Bryant's sentiment as "literary."

Bryant has been called the American Wordsworth. The comparison is suggestive of much in common between the works of the two men. Both are self-contained, both lack humor and dramatic power, both have a somewhat narrow range of poetic gifts; and at the same time both bring us close to the Eternal in their meditations on Nature and on Man. There is more warmth in Wordsworth; he stirs us more deeply; we feel in him the greater personality. And yet we must not be misled by the comparison into supposing that Bryant was merely an echo of Wordsworth. That he was profoundly influenced by him there can be no doubt. We learn from his biographer that in 1810 Bryant's father brought to the home at Cummington a copy of the American reprint of the "Lyrical Ballads." The young Bryant, then in his sixteenth year, found in this little volume the voice of his own soul. He afterwards related to his friend, the elder Dana, how that "upon opening the book, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." Two years later we find him writing "Thanatopsis," and shortly afterwards the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." It would not be possible to resist the impression of Wordsworth's influence in these early poems, even if we had no external testimony to the fact. The "healing power" of the world of nature upon the sick and care-worn heart of man was a cardinal principle of Wordsworth's philosophy; and the frequency with which this doctrine appears in "Thanatopsis," the "Inscription," "Green River," and other early pieces, shows how deep a hold it had taken upon the heart of his young American disciple.

And yet, as I have already observed, Bryant must not be considered as a mere *echo* of Wordsworth. The analogy is better expressed by the word *child*. Though influenced by Wordsworth, he has yet a note of his own. What was said of his peculiarly American characteristics is in point here also. His sincerity saved him from becoming an imitator. Nature was never to him the familiar friend that she was to Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved Nature: Bryant *revered* her. (Compare the "Lines" written near Tintern Abbey with "A Forest Hymn.")

Bryant's distinction as a man of letters rests chiefly upon his poetry. Yet he did not live by the productions of his muse. His influence on his age was far wider than that exercised by his poetical works. Possessed of a singularly sane and temperate mind, he pursued the career of a useful, public citizen and patriot throughout a long and critical period of our history. Poetry meanwhile was the solace of his quiet and meditative hours, and it is by his poems that he will be longest remembered. The gift of verse was his, and of imagination, and of vision, and, above all, of sincerity. It is always perilous to prophesy, and nowhere is it more perilous than in matters of literary renown; but it is not possible for us to imagine a time when "Thanatopsis" and "The Waterfowl" and "The Past" and "A Forest Hymn" and "The Death of the Flowers" will cease to be read with admiration and delight. In them the human heart is brought face to face with the world of nature, and the most solemn and lofty

thoughts find expression in flawless verse. Simple, natural, and chaste, they have the most enduring qualities of art; and they cannot fail to uplift and charm and bless as long as there are human hearts to sorrow, to worship, and to aspire.

ISAAC N. DEMMON,
Professor of English Literature, University of Michigan.

THE THISTLE.

The man's prodigious vanities
Surpassed the ancient Pharisee's
Supremest notch.
He summed up in a single word
His benefits, and thanked the Lord
That made him *Scotch*.

A bitter controversialist,
His gall-dipped arrows never missed
Or foe, or friend.
He loved dispute, courted a schism,
And had the Shorter Catechism
At his tongue's end.

He, for the love of God, could hate
With a revenge insatiate,
And found deep peace
In thinking of the woes reserved
For those who from "the doctrine" swerved,
When time should cease.

Thus was he in his youth, untried:
To-day so is he typified,—
Though old and sere—
By that "burr blossom" keen, then bland,
The symbol of his native land,
The "thistle dear."

The thistle, bristling in the spring,
Unlovely, rough, and harsh, a thing
To shun and fear;
In summer, purple, passionate,
Hurting remorselessly as fate,
Holding none near.

But mark the flower when its race
Is closing, miracle of grace!
An aureole,
Self-luminous and sweet, behold
From out that tenement unfold
The thistle's soul.

E'en so my old-time worthy friend
Has stacked his guns, as near its end
Draws the sad strife.
Faith means no more theology;
Nor hope, self-love; and charity
Rules all his life.

His silver locks are like a crown
Of thorns changed into thistle-down.
A tender grace,
Like moonlight on a tranquil sea,
Whose storms have long since ceased to be,
Shines in his face.

CHARLOTTE LEECH.

BETTER KEEP ROB IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

My dear Mrs. Fairchilds,—I am aware that your husband is a busy man, so I address myself to you in this matter of Rob and our Sunday-school. Will you be so good as to read this, and talk it over with Mr. Fairchilds, and give what weight you candidly can to my statements? I do not want any false sentiment to enter into the solution of this matter. Neither do I wish you to do anything purely on the ground of pleasing me, your minister. I believe that good, strong reasons exist why Rob ought to continue in the Sunday-school. He is now seventeen years old, and has a feeling that his time is up, that he ought to graduate; and, as I understand it, you and Mr. Fairchilds somewhat sympathize with this notion of Rob's. But you waver; and I venture to put some facts before you.

I. If you take Rob out, you will do him a great injustice. He is on the verge of reaping the benefit of his previous studies: he is just about taking up subjects of discussion and thought that open out into deeply interesting talks. If he drops out now, the fruit is lost. Here are questions of social problems, of history, of theology, on which he can now bring to bear a great deal of knowledge. It would be a pity to deprive him of the last best part of all.

II. You must remember, my dear friend, that these things are not provided for anywhere else. Are you deceiving yourself by imagining that the public schools cover all the training Rob needs? Of course not. This you will see when you look into the matter. You and your husband have not the time or the equipment to take up these things at home. The Sunday-school is the only place where certain great moral and religious subjects are treated, unfolded, and taught. Just see how imperfectly prepared your son would be to go out into society, to pursue ordinary reading, to act intelligently and talk intelligently, if he ignored the final and completing part of Sunday-school life! There is more demand to-day for intelligent ideas as to Christianity, the Bible, Church History, etc., among people at large than ever. No one can read the last magazine profitably, or join the evening conversation creditably, without certain

knowledge and convictions. We are anxious to have our children know the growth of literature, to quote well, to enumerate kings and queens and epochs, and it is all good; but I have seen deplorable ignorance, shameful vacuity of mind, and mortifying experiences over primary neglect of training in religious subjects. Simply in justice to your son, to train him for the world, I urge you to continue him.

III. But there is a higher plea. That which you will always prize highest in him will be his character,—his strong convictions, his nobility of spirit. I am free to say that our Sunday-school offers great aid to the cultivation of moral earnestness, to the storing of a reserve power. I say "our Sunday-school," because we have schools quite different from those of your childhood. Rob will be able to speak freely, to bring his doubts and have them solved. His teacher is a frank, fine soul. He will be a friend, and there is no computing the influence which goes out from such a teacher to a pupil. I am sure that you want your son well grounded in certain fundamental truths, of conduct, and faith in man, and that he shall have some staying and upholding general conception of life, of its Creator, of destiny. You are anxious to see him obtain and follow ideals. I ask you frankly, Who can help him better than that teacher? Because Rob's mates are applying themselves earnestly to the same object gives a special force to the impressions. The session is brief, but the hot iron receives the moulding blows.

IV. Another reason. I see Rob at church much more frequently than heretofore. I suppose he has become interested in sermons and pulpit themes, as often occurs with maturing youth. The place for him to follow up the suggestions and thoughts which he cannot fail to entertain is the Sunday-school class. He can run out and complete the line of thought which the preacher only casually touched. He can get many a blind statement explained. He can bring his own ideas face to face with the minister's. Are you aware that this indicates two very important facts? (1) The serious, manly growth of your son's mind along an original path; and (2) true union of church and Sunday-school, of pastor and young people, of new and old? It is not enough that our young people share in work, formal organization, attendance, and the like. We ministers know full well that the lasting effective union of elements is when thoughts are interchanged, when great truths are held in common, when deathless convictions become the staple of the binding ties. A thirty-minute sermon suggests, but it cannot cement. It may start great thoughts, but the class comes in to carry them to a satisfactory destination.

V. I might enumerate many other reasons. Let me be content to add one more. You and your husband believe in our church. You clearly see that it stands for joy and help to yourself and for benefits to the community. Let me say that, when our young men and young women desert the Sunday-school, they cripple the cause: when they remain, they impart vigor and prosperity to all departments. I am not exaggerating. I am not appealing for myself. I refer to the actual support to the organization of the religious society which such identification gives. If Rob leaves that class, he will influence some others, the class will languish, he himself will be likely to lose that keen interest in church matters which he now has. You know he is posted on everything; he brings flowers for the pulpit; he helps at the library; I see him often, and have a word with him. He is in touch with our church life because he is in it. All this will be changed if he drops out. You will find his interest become general, not specific; and the injury by him and others of his age to the working forces of our church will be marked. Keep him in this current as long as you can, until maturity has brought him to higher offices and duties in the church. We cannot afford to do a single thing whereby the allegiance and activity of our young people are lessened. Just a word or two to Rob himself.

I. Demand that the sessions of your class be lively and bright. If they are not so, seek new methods to make them free of all formality and perfunctoriness.

II. Always get as many as possible of the class in every Sunday. Fulness adds dignity and interest to the exercises.

III. Do not pay attention to the absurd remark that the Sunday-school is for little children. Happily, it is for them, and for the oldest, too. I have known men and

women who never graduated from Sunday-school. It has scope for all, and we can make it what we will.

IV. If those of your age leave, then the younger ones will feel restless. The only way to make a school seem attractive and of consequence is for all ages to go on together.

V. If you stay, Tom Robinson and Henry Thomas will stay: if you go, they will go; and that means a bad break.

In this hasty way I have offered a few considerations. It is no slight matter. Young men can get along without Sunday-schools. I am not a special pleader. But I am confident that your son will be a gainer by remaining, and that you will never regret so deciding. Your friend and pastor,

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Boston, Mass.

CHRISTMAS.

Out of the midnight stars
Trembling with crystal spars,
In a far eastern clime,
Song came, one happy time,—
Song which was sweet and strong,
Meet for the centuries long,
Came to poor shepherd men
Guarding the lone sheep-pen.

Earth, heavy-hearted, heard,
Caught the far-echoing word,
Peace be to earth, good will!
Marvelled and heard, until
Sense of the meaning came,
Sense of earth's wrong and shame,
Yearning to learn the song
Which it had waited long

Slowly the chorus rose,
Good will to all,—not those
Alone who think as we.
Thought, for all men, is free!
Then tyrants learned to fear,
And motherhood grew dear,
Childhood became divine,
And home a tender shrine.

Shepherds on life's lone plain,
We watch the planets wane,
And hear, in distant wise,
A singing from the skies!
Slowly to Christ souls turn,
Slowly his song they learn,
The song whose melting might
Shall set all wrongs aright!

EURETTA A. HOYLES.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Do not pray for crutches, but for wings.—*Phillips Brooks.*

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SUNDAY.

Blessed are they that Mourn.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

. . . . . .

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

MONDAY.

A Forest Hymn.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.
Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who dreamed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink

And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

TUESDAY.

How to Live.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WEDNESDAY.

Communion with Nature.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

. . . . . .

THURSDAY.

Death.

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or, full of years and ripe in wisdom, lays
Her silver temples in their last repose;
When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitter tears
Stream as the eyes of those that love us close,—
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

. . . . . .

Peace to the just man's memory! let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
His calm, benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

FRIDAY.

A Lesson from the Sea.

The restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts

With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
On thy creation, and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

SATURDAY.

A Hymn of the City.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud,—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound,—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?— *Marcus Aurelius.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many of our readers will have learned before this reaches them that the Board of Directors of the American Unitarian Association has chosen Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Mass., as secretary of the Association, to succeed Rev. Grindall Reynolds. Few men in the denomination are so widely or favorably known among our churches as Mr. Batchelor, and we doubt if the choice of any other to this responsible position would have met with so general approval. He has had long experience as a pastor, both in the East and the West. For many years he was secretary of the National Conference. At the recent meeting of the Conference in Saratoga he was chosen a member of the Council, and has since been made its chairman. He has been many years a member of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association, which has given him a thorough understanding of the relations of the Association to the churches. So that he will be able to enter upon his duties with large experience and a full knowledge of the duties that will devolve upon him, as well as with the confidence of his constituency. We believe that we but voice the feelings of the readers of the *Unitarian*, generally, when we express our gratification with the choice that has been made, and assure Mr. Batchelor of the hearty co-operation and support of our churches.

A distinguished layman, who was not at Saratoga, writes us as follows regarding the action of the late National Conference: "To Unitarianism, and all liberal religion, it will give new life and weight and inspiration. It is an assurance of standing on great basic realities, and moving along spiritual lines. It is escape from shadowy and perilous uncertainty. It is as if a good ship, which had been strangely wandering about in search of some dim and nebulous no-man's-land, should all at once set its full sails, set out straight and true for an important port, so that all other ships might know its destination. New strength will come with this step. It will win for our body the respect of all honest men, of whatsoever religious name, or no name."

We are in receipt of additional information regarding the new liberal church organized in the north part of Chicago by Rev. T. G. Milsted and others. The society has already one hundred and fifty members. Martine's Hall on Hampden Court has been engaged as the home of the organization until the way opens to build. The first service was held on Sunday morning, October 21, Mr. Milsted preaching on "The Organization of the Early Christian Church." The name chosen for the society is "Independent Liberal." The purpose is to make the movement, in fullest sense possible, unsectarian. The members live, for the most part, in Lake View, or, at least north of the centre of Lincoln Park. Thus it is believed that the new society will have a clear field for itself, without encroaching upon the proper field of Unity Church. Mr. Milsted is very strong in his dislike of the ordinary kind of church, whose income is all consumed in the support of its minister and choir, with nothing left for philanthropy and outside good works. From the inception of this movement he insisted that the plan of it should be different. He was able to live without a salary from the church. He would therefore accept none. The members of the church, however, would be expected to give as freely as if they had a minister to support; but all the money raised in excess of the sum needed to cover actual running expenses would be devoted to the good of humanity. This is the plan upon which the new church sets out. Its future will be watched with interest. We believe there is room for a new liberal movement in this large, attractive, and growing section of the city; and we know of no one so well fitted to lead it to success as Mr. Milsted.

Further word comes from Chicago of a second liberal movement to be started in the region at the extreme south, mentioned by us last month, which has been called into prominence by the location there last year of the World's Fair, and the permanent location in the same neighborhood of the new University of Chicago. This section of the city is separated by two miles or so from any existing Unitarian church; and now, while everything there is plastic and formative, is clearly the time when a new society ought to be planted. We are glad to see that already Rev. W. W. Fenn, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, is moving in the matter. He has engaged a place of meeting (Masonic Hall, on 57th Street), and on the 18th of November he began there a series of services at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons. This is a step that can hardly fail to prove wise. We shall be surprised if this beginning now being made by Mr. Fenn does not, inside of ten years, grow into as strong and influential a society as we have in Chicago.

And now who will follow these two new movements at the north and the south by a similar one in the extreme west, where a third field of much promise waits to be entered? Let us have advances all along the line.

It is long since we have printed anything more valuable to students of the Bible than the able and brilliant paper of Dr. James T. Bixby in this number of the *Unitarian* on "The Old Testament as Literature." Perhaps no subject connected with religion is so prominently before the public to-day as that of the Higher Criticism of the Bible. It is plain that the battle between orthodoxy and liberal religion is to be largely fought out here. Every Unitarian, therefore, and every religious liberal, is bound to make himself intelligent upon this subject. This article of Dr. Bixby gives the meaning of the Higher Biblical Criticism, and its results as regards the Old Testament, in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. No reader of the *Unitarian* can afford to fail of giving it a careful perusal.

The *Christian Register* of November 8 contains a picture of the beautiful new Unitarian church at Ithaca, N.Y., the seat of Cornell University, and an account of the Unitarian situation there. Two or three years ago the old church was burned. In building again, it seemed best to the Ithaca people and to their most trusted advisers outside that a better, and therefore more expensive, lot should be purchased, and that a church should be erected somewhat commensurate with the importance of the place as the seat of a great and growing university. The society tried to be economical; but they were not able to build without

leaving upon themselves a debt of over $9,000, after raising in the home field all that was possible, and much more than they thought would be possible until they made the effort. In view of the importance of the work done by the church among the students, encouragement was given that help might be expected from the denomination. The church now appeals for such help to the extent of $4,000, promising that, if this small sum can be furnished promptly, it will manage the rest. The appeal is certainly a most worthy and important one, and ought to be met without delay. All accounts agree that our cause in Ithaca was never before in so prosperous a condition as it is now. It should not be crippled for want of a little help in its time of need.

A committee of American scholars, consisting of Prof. Toy of Harvard, Prof. Haupt of Johns Hopkins, President Schurman of Cornell, and others, have for some time past been arranging for yearly courses of lectures to be given in important educational centres in this country by prominent scholars of Europe and America, on the History of Religions. The first lecturer secured is Prof. Rhys Davids, the eminent student of Buddhism, who came over from England about November 1, and has been giving a series of lectures on the history and literature of Buddhism at Cornell University, repeating the same at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Brown University, the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, and three or four other places. It is hoped that Prof. Davids will be followed next year by Prof. Tiele of Leyden. This enterprise is one of great importance to both scholarship and religion, and we trust it will meet with such public favor and support as to make it a success. But it will be a great pity if the lectures are given only in the East. Why should they not be heard also in Cleveland, Ann Arbor, Chicago, and St. Louis?

A Life of Theodore Parker, written by Alfred Altherr of Basle, has just been published in Germany. The modern world has produced no nobler teacher of religion than Parker, and no teacher of a religion better adapted to modern needs or better qualified to regenerate human society. It is gratifying to see signs that his influence is steadily widening, and his religious views finding larger and larger acceptance in the world.

Departments.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

I have been looking through that bright publication, the *Pilgrim Teacher* (Congregational House, Boston), to see what there might be in its columns of helpful suggestion to us in our Unitarian Sunday-school work. We cull the following:—

We are often discussing in our meetings Sunday-school concerts,—how many there shall be during the year. This is what the *Pilgrim Teacher* says: "How many concert services should be held during the year? The opinion of the majority of the members of the Boston Congregational Superintendents' Union was in favor of four,—Christmas, Easter, Children's Day and Harvest, Thanksgiving, or Anniversary. It takes considerable time to prepare these and prepare them well. And yet there were a few, a very few, who thought that they should be gotten up once a month. That would be to make the scholars think of concerts all the while instead of their Sunday-school lessons."

In another place we find reference to an experiment concerning Sunday-school socials, which, we believe, are very essential, when rightly conducted, to the prosperity of a Sunday-school. Our Unitarian workers ought to see to it that this feature is better carried out. "The teachers of the school at Ellsworth, Me., have arranged for four Sunday-school socials during the year. These are exclusively for the members of the school; and each one will be managed by three classes, and will have literary as well as social features. It is hoped by them to do something more than increase the feelings of good fellowship."

The question is often put: How can we interest the young people who are just growing a little too old for the Sunday-school, as they think? What is there for them to do? That question can be variously answered, according to the circumstances and need of each church and Sunday-school. But it seems at a suburb of Boston this question is answered in a very happy fashion: "The Central Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass., has a 'Young Men's Sunday Evening Club,' whose aim is to increase the interest and effectiveness of the evening service. It co-operates with the pastor in planning each service, and with the choir-leader and organist in selecting

and providing appropriate vocal and instrumental music, besides attending to printing announcements. It sees to it that strangers and non-attendants are invited and made welcome and shown to good seats. A separate committee is appointed for each of these particulars. A Social Committee plans for such gatherings of the club as will help to knit its members more closely together. The president of the club is Mr. S. B. Capen, so widely known; and hence it may be inferred that that organization means business."

Of a more subsoiling and serious character is the matter with regard to our Congregationalist origin and polity. We Congregational Unitarians ought to see that our Sunday-school children are thoroughly taught the history, the principles, and the breadth of Congregationalism. It is a church government in which can be clustered all rituals, varying beliefs, and contrasted social conditions. In ideal it is all-comprehensive, giving the individual independence, yet binding him to others in a hearty co-operative zeal. Progress is one of our great watchwords in Congregationalism. This is what our Trinitarian publication says, and what it sets forth is as true of the Unitarian branch as of the Trinitarian: "In 'The Sunday-school Treasury' for 1895, announced last month, ten reasons are given for being a Congregationalist. Some people are Congregationalists because of their environment or because they were so brought up. If asked to state the principles of Congregationalism, they could not do so. Congregationalism stands for something. It is founded upon principles for which our Pilgrim Fathers were willing to suffer exile and even death. Those principles are still worthy of our devotion, and, when understood, are calculated to awaken it. Our young people should be instructed in them, to the end that they may be intelligently loyal to their own denomination, so that it will not be a matter of indifference to them, when they remove somewhere else, whether they join a Congregational church or some other.

"A knowledge of their principles will not make them sectarian, but denominational. It will not keep them out of any other church, if there happen to be no Congregational church, in the new place to which they may go, but will cause them to seek that church, even though it may be weak and unpromising, rather than another which offers more social advantages. And not only that: an understanding of those principles will make the young people more enthusiastic and devoted workers for the church, whether it be the church of their childhood or one far removed from it. The stars and stripes awaken the profoundest emotions, not merely because they are the flag of our country, but because they represent principles and a history which make one ready to shed his blood in their defence. It is that kind of allegiance which Congregational principles and history are calculated to evoke."

We hear of many new uses of electricity and the telegraph, but the following paragraph from Boston *Ideas* tells of the latest device: "The most unique Sunday-school in the world is on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, among the telegraphers. The regular lesson leaf is used, and all the questions and answers are given by wire."

The new Christmas Service, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, meets the recurrent want of the Sunday-schools who wish something that will both guide and inspire the observance of Christmas-tide. It contains five bright, easy carols, with appropriate responsive readings. Price five cents per copy or $4.00 per hundred.

The current leaflet lessons on the "Life of Jesus" in the one-topic graded system are now out for December, the subjects being: "Jesus begins his Work"; "Jesus preaches in Nazareth"; "Jesus healing the Sick"; Jesus and the Pharisees." The Intermediate are prepared by Rev. Edward A. Horton, and the Advanced by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford. Price 50 cents per hundred.

The annual report of the Unitarian Sunday School Society is out in pamphlet form, and will be sent on application by person or mail, free of cost.

Every Other Sunday for December 16 will be a Christmas number, with several entertaining stories and also articles and illustrations appropriate to the season.

The Boston Sunday School Union held its second meeting for the season November 19, with the following rich programme: "Would the Introduction of an Abridged Bible be an Advantage?" "What are the Best Methods of Getting Children to Memorize?" Speaker, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Concord, N.H. "What is the Higher Criticism?" Speaker, Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Cambridge. "To What Extent should the Critical Method of Interpreting the Scriptures be used with Young Children?" Speaker, Rev. Ellery C. Butler, Quincy, Mass. Discussion opened by Rev. Albert Walkley.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

GUILDS.

LOYALTY.

By Miss Nettie Stevens, of Chelmsford.

I have chosen for this evening the subject "Loyalty," a quality too often lost sight of by the present generation in their eager pursuit of knowledge, fame, and fortune,—loyalty to Church and State, to friends, kindred, associates, and to ourselves.

Loyalty to ourselves in no selfish sense,—for of him who has the most natural gifts or the most acquired knowledge and wisdom will most be required,—but such loyalty to our best selves as will help us to rise physically, morally, intellectually, and spiritually toward that lofty ideal of what we may be, of which we now and then catch glimpses in moments of deepest and most serious contemplation.

We call ourselves Unitarians, and are more or less loyal to our name and faith. We need, perhaps, to recall occasionally the fact that, as Unitarians, we stand for all that is noble, good, and true, all that tends to advance civilization, to make life better worth living, fuller of usefulness and true happiness; to feel, too, that we are not true Unitarians unless we bring our lives, as nearly as is in our power, into harmony with the highest ideals.

To us God's sunshine is so bright, all nature—whether flower, tree, starlit sky, or tiniest microscopical organism—tells us so plainly of the Love that rules the world, that we forget how dark is the cloud of theological superstition which hangs over the majority of the human race. It would be pleasanter to forget, were it not true that a knowledge of the creeds and dogmas of other sects leads us to prize more highly the light and freedom of the natural faith in which we have been reared. Only those who have come out from the stricter sects can fully comprehend, I suppose, the difference between those faiths which keep the windows of the soul closed and barred to new revelation and that which bids us, while guarding well the good that has come down to us from the past, throw wide open our souls' windows, and welcome every new truth as God-given.

The fact that so many of the greatest and best men and women of America have believed in Unitarianism should add to its value in our eyes. Is not the religion believed in by Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; by Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell; by Calhoun, Sumner, and Curtis; by Hawthorne, Bancroft, and Motley; by Horace Mann and Agassiz; by Mary A. Livermore, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Julia Ward Howe; by Channing, Parker, and James Freeman Clarke; by Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Hale,—worthy of our loyalty and best effort?

Loyalty to our own church means regular attendance upon its services, an active interest in the welfare of the society and of its individual members, cordial welcome to all strangers, cheerful service and contribution to the various needs of the church, and, above all, our daily lives attuned to the doctrine of justice, truth, and love which we profess.

Loyalty to the Unitarian church at large implies a knowledge of its history, of the work it has done for the advancement of mankind; a knowledge of the lives of such of its great thinkers as Theodore Parker and Channing, James Martineau and Dr. Hale; acquaintance with the wise charitable enterprises which it maintains in our large cities; of the educational work it is doing in the South, in its Indian school in Montana, and in its school in Japan; of the light which the Post-office Mission is sending into the nooks and by-ways of the West and South. With a knowledge of the good our denomination is doing must come a desire to lend a hand.

If we are loyal to our church, we shall, as we go away from home for work or study, associate ourselves with the liberal church of the place where we are, interest ourselves in its life and work, and render what assistance we are able.

In deciding whether we are sufficiently loyal to our guild, we must remember that, whatever help our pastor and others may kindly give us, the guild is nevertheless *our* society; and its success, measured by the good it may accomplish for its members, for the church or the community, depends, or should depend, solely on the efforts of its members. Much has been done by the guild and the union connected with it; but the question for us is, Have we each and all done as much as we might do? Have we been as regular in attendance as possible, and always done our share toward making the services interesting and helpful?

To prepare one or two papers a year requires considerable thought and labor; but it is work which yields a large per cent. of profit, if faithfully done. The selection of an appropriate quotation for each meeting may involve the expenditure of some time; but, if the quotation is a good one, and especially if it be committed to memory, is the time wasted? Often, if the subject be borne in mind during the week, suitable quotations will be found with no special effort.

So far our guild work has been largely for ourselves. Would it not be well now for us to broaden our outlook, to select from the many fields of usefulness in which our churches and guilds are laboring the one which seems best suited to our powers, and

do something, be it ever so little, for others ?

In closing, I cannot do better than repeat Shakspere's words:—

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Let us be true to the best that is in us, cultivate our talents unselfishly, take a broad view of life, set before ourselves a lofty ideal, and, though that ideal grow with our growth and advance steadily before us, as it surely will, pursue it faithfully to the end. Then *must* we be found loyal wherever our loyalty is due.

A union conference of the National Guild Alliance, the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, and the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held in Boston Tuesday and Wednesday, December 4 and 5. The opening meeting will be held in the Second Church, Copley Square, at 7.30 P.M., Tuesday, December 4. The speakers will be as follows: Rev. C. A. Dickinson, Berkeley Temple, "The Institutional Church"; Rev. G. L. Perin, Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church, "The Every-day Church"; Prof. Francis G. Peabody, Harvard University, "The Churches in their Relations to Social Problems."

The conference will meet in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, at 10 A.M. Wednesday, December 5. The programme will be as follows: devotional service; "Why the Open Church?" Rev. George W. Cooke, who will preside at all the meetings; "The Church in Relation to Social Problems," Rev. H. C. MacDougall, Marblehead; "How to conduct a Guild," Mr. Warren A. Rodman, Wellesley Hills; "Practical Work, and how to accomplish it," Mrs. Laura B. Martine, Dorchester; "Temperance for Children," Rev. C. R. Eliot, Boston; "The Work of the Temperance Society," Rev. George H. Hosmer, Dorchester; 12.30 P.M. the conference will take a recess; devotional service; "The Work of the Unity Club," Mr. E. C. Worcester, Hudson; "The Churches in Relation to Amusements," Rev. Pitt Dillingham, Brockton; "An Experiment in Guild Work," Rev. G. F. Wright, Lowell; "The Friendly Workers," Miss Lillian P. Richards, Boston; "How shall we make the Guild a Success?" Miss Kate L. Brown, Hyde Park.

The papers and addresses will be limited to about fifteen minutes in length. Time will be afforded, therefore, for questions, discussions, and reports from clubs and guilds. Those in attendance are invited to speak promptly and briefly, to report such of their experiences as may be of benefit to others, and to help in making the meetings a success.

All guilds, Unity Clubs, temperance societies, and other kindred organizations, of whatever name, are invited to send as many delegates as possible. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested to attend and participate.

We learn that the guild in Barre, Mass., is starting in with a conference and praise meeting, led in turn by the members, another member besides the leader opening a topic for discussion. This seems to have worked well so far.

The guild at Bolton, Mass., held its anniversary October 7, with appropriate exercises. This organization has been very helpful in the parish. We find the following subjects instanced among those considered this fall: "Black Beauty," "What Work the Guild shall do," "Florence Nightingale," "The History of our Church," "The World's Benefactors," "Dorothea Dix," "Thanksgiving Day in History."

The president of the National Guild Alliance went to Sheffield, Ill., to attend the State Conference, and address the meeting on the subject of guilds. He found there was a guild in the church there, which meets every week. It is now using Rev. A. W. Gould's "Beginnings" for its meetings, going over the early stories in the Bible.

In the Wellesley Hills (Mass.) society the young people have arranged for a course on reform movements and charities. Mr. Barrows speaks on "Prison Reform"; Dr. B. F. Trueblood, on "The American Peace Society"; Rev. E. A. Horton, on "What Kind of Education is the Most Important?"; Mr. Robert Treat Paine, on "The Associated Charities"; Mr. F. B. Fay, on "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children"; Mrs. Bernard Whitman, on "Lend a Hand."

We welcome to the list of guilds—and of course we wish it to join the Alliance — the Hale Union of Newton Centre, which is entering on the new year's work with vigor. It undertakes charity, besides conducting Sunday evening meetings. We notice that the Post-office Mission and Friendly Letter work have a share in its interest, while the City Poor Farm, Hospital, Seamen's Refuges, etc., will receive reading matter from this society.

The Open Church, a monthly paper published at East Lexington, Mass., takes the place of *Our Young People* in representing the cause of guilds, Unity Clubs, temperance societies, and kindred organizations. Rev. George W. Cooke is the editor. There is much of interest in the two numbers which have already appeared. We would urge the guilds to subscribe largely for this paper.

The work on the guild manual is reported as being "well toward completion. It will contain ten or twelve services, forms of organization, and about thirty hymns with music." We hope it may have a large use.

Will all interested please to note the new address of the president of the Alliance, B. R. Bulkeley, and send guild items to him, so that they may appear in the *Unitarian* guild column? The address is Unity Church, corner of Dearborn Avenue and Walton Place, Chicago. B. R. Bulkeley.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A union conference of guilds, Unity Clubs, and the Unitarian Temperance Society will be held on December 4 and December 5 in Boston.

An earnest invitation is extended to members of the Temperance Society as well as to the guilds and Unity Clubs, and to all persons interested in these organizations.

Guilds and Unity Clubs are urged to make temperance the subject of at least one meeting this winter. It is still a living issue, and is likely to be so for many a long year. It is especially important to understand the workings of some of the methods now in vogue for restricting the liquor traffic.

It is especially important to know about the Norwegian system, and to have an intelligent opinion as to the merits of the "Norwegian Bill" proposed for Massachusetts. We urge our young people's clubs to study this as well as other methods of combating the evils of intemperance.

The Women's Alliance have issued a leaflet containing suggestions for its study classes this winter.

It is called "Religion for Week-days," and a most excellent list of practical subjects is given in outline and with references. Among the others is Temperance, outlined as follows:—

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

What are the duties of church members toward the cause of temperance?

The duties of women?

The public schools and the Sunday-schools, have they responsibilities in this direction?

How may boys be protected against the dangers of intemperance?

The prohibition law; its practical working.

Temperance and abstinence.

Reform of the intemperate.

Preventive measures.

Illustrations from practical methods actually employed.

(Let members narrate incidents of methods which have been successful.)

See tracts of Unitarian Temperance Society; "Temperance Efforts and Temperance Methods," J. F. Clarke; and A. U. A. Tract, No. 61.

What Dr. E. Long Fox says (president of the British Medical Association):—

"When great influence is exercised by members of our profession in this question [temperance], with the full knowledge that they have how harmful alcohol is to vitality, how injurious to many organs of the body, and when that advice is tendered with the quiet, tender kindliness which shows that we have the best interests of the patient at heart, I do not think that any method of supporting the temperance cause will command more attention. I need not say that, great as this influence of our profession may be when exercised by a temperance medical man, the chance of turning an inebriate from the error of his ways is enhanced a thousand-fold if the speaker is a total abstainer himself. [Loud cheers.] What a noble thing it is for a young man just entering our profession to take up this form of self-denial, if self-denial it be, as one factor in his great mission of benefiting the human race! [Cheers.] Where should we be without this honorable ambition? Where would science be? Who of us would not give almost anything in the world to be able to give the world either a preventive or a cure for phthisis or cancer? Who amongst us seniors do not feel almost a kind of jealousy of our grandchildren because they will have opportunities of knowledge far beyond our wildest dreams? Would it not, therefore, be a grand thing for the young men entering our profession with all their scientific ambition, with all their enthusiasm for benefiting their generation, if they would take up this total abstinence from a drug which they know is not only interfering with the health and shortening the lives of more thousands of their fellow-creatures than tubercular disease or cancer combined [cheers], but is also hindering and hampering these northern nations of Europe in making greater advances in all good ways? Such a determination on the part of young men entering our profession is for no corruptible crown. The time is passing, it is true, when to be an abstainer is any bar to professional success because people will have nothing to do with teetotalers. We older men have fought the fight of that kind of difficulty; and our reward to-day is to know that the profession is really standing shoulder to shoulder against excess, and in the main we are honored by the profession for being what we are."

LITERARY NOTES.

A series of handbooks on the "History of Religions," edited by Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, is in preparation, and will be issued by Ginn & Co. The first volume of the series will be written by Prof. E. W. Hopkins of Bryn Mawr, on "The Religions of India."

"The Deeper Meanings." By Frederic A. Hinckley. Boston: George H. Ellis.—Four earnest sermons that will carry healing on their wings.

A "David Swing Memorial Volume," compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Starring, and consisting of the great preacher's corrected sermons, will soon be published by T. Neely, Chicago. It will be sold by subscription.

"Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love. Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Sermons and Writings of James Freeman Clarke." Boston: George H. Ellis. This little volume will surely prove to be an inspiring handbook of devotion to any serious reader. The selections are admirably made by Miss Lilian F. Clarke, and the book is attractively bound and finished.

Two sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, on "The Humanity of Jesus" and "The Love we bear to Jesus," have been issued in pamphlet form, as a Christmas token, by Philip Green, London. Price one shilling. For those who love and honor Jesus, and desire to do something in connection with his birthday to make his spirit prevail, there could hardly be a more desirable Christmas gift.

The ninth and last volume of Prof. Huxley's Collected Essays is now offered to the public ($1.25, Appletons). Its title is "Evolution and Ethics, and Other Essays." It would be hard to find an equal number of volumes from any other writer containing such rich and varied scientific information, coupled with such clear strong thought, particularly thought bearing upon the subject of Evolution, as are found in these nine volumes.

The two books in Mr. West's "Life Series" which we noticed last month (Rev. Charles G. Ames's "As Natural as Life" and Mr. West's "In Love with Love") have just been issued in a very attractive holiday edition, with white covers and gilt lettering and edges. Price $1.00. Additional volumes in the series are promised from Rev. John W. Chadwick, Dr. E. L. Rexford, Dr. M. D. Shutter, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. Frank O. Hall, and others.

"The Olive and the Pine" is the title of a volume of poems by Martha Perry Lowe, which has passed to a second edition (D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers). It is dedicated to the author's husband, Rev. Charles Lowe, who holds an honored place in the history of American Unitarianism. The poems, which are forty-four in number, are classified in three groups. "Part I., Spain"; "Part II., New England"; and "Part III., Miscellaneous Poems." The subjects are varied, and we are given many pleasant pictures of the Old World and the New. Especially are the poems inspired by scenes and experiences in Spain full of interest, seeming to transport one into the very midst of the indolence and the charm of a picturesque land and a half-dead civilization.

The death of the last of our great American poets draws attention anew to his writings. These writings are as varied as they are brilliant. Dr. Holmes's works are published complete in fifteen volumes, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of the fifteen, the first twelve are prose, and the last three are poetry. Their titles are as follows: 1. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; 2. The Professor at the Breakfast Table; 3. The Poet at the Breakfast Table; 4. Over the Teacups; 5. Elsie Venner (a novel); 6. The Guardian Angel (a novel); 7. A Mortal Antipathy (a novel); 8. Pages from an Old Volume of Life; 9. Medical Essays; 10. Our Hundred Days in Europe; 11. John Lothrop Motley (a biography); 12. Ralph Waldo Emerson (a biography); 13, 14, and 15. Poems. Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and several of his poems are issued in finely illustrated editions. His publishers also issue a "Holmes Birthday Book" and a "Holmes Calendar Book."

A valuable help in Bible study has been prepared by Charles F. Kent, Ph.D., Instructor in Biblical Literature in the University of Chicago. It is called the "Students' Chronological Chart of Biblical History." It gives very clearly, yet in small compass, the dates of most of the important events of Jewish history, and of the history of those peoples contiguous to the Jews whose influence affected the Jewish people. To study the Bible with this chart before one makes the sequence of events and their historic setting much clearer than they would otherwise be. The dates are generally carefully fixed, and according to the chronology of the later and more reliable scholarship. The one fault of the chart is its omission to give dates of Bible books so far as known. The chart costs only twenty-five cents, and may be obtained from the Congregational Book Store, 175 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Rev. George W. Cooke has begun the publication of a small monthly paper called *The Open Church*, in the interest, as the paper says, "of practical religion"; or, to be more specific, for the purpose of advocating a church "open every day of the week," and engaged steadily in humane, philanthropic, and educational work, as well as in the activities of the ordinary church. Mr. Cooke very earnestly believes in what is coming to be called "the institutional church," or in churches carried on less for theological and more for humanitarian ends than the church of the past has been. It will be the aim of the new paper to help forward the growth of such churches. The subscription price is fifty cents a year. Orders may be sent to Mr. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo, Mich., wants to call the attention of the readers of the *Unitarian* to the lectures of Miss Lillian E. Hiller of Dunkirk, N.Y. Miss Hiller has lectured acceptably upon "Ibsen" and upon other subjects at a number of points in Michigan. She has a mind of unusual insight and sympathy with her author, and yet a discrimination which prevents her from unmeasured praise. The fact that Miss Hiller has been totally blind since a few weeks after her birth, and that she has gained her culture under this great disability, must excite the interest of all. Miss Hiller was for nearly three years a student in the Meadville Theological Seminary, and counts Prof. Freeman and other Meadville people among her warm friends and supporters. Miss Bartlett will be glad to correspond with any one desiring to make an engagement with Miss Hiller.

"Unitarian Belief, Old and New." By John White Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis.—A hearty welcome will greet this book. It is inscribed to "The Unitarian family on earth and in heaven, and especially to those men of force and genius who have been my teachers from my youth up, and to those friends of my society in Brooklyn who for thirty years have given me so freely of their trust and love." On the title-page stands the simple motto "From faith to faith." The table of contents runs as follows: Historical Introduction; The Doctrine of Man; Concerning God; The Bible; Christianity; Concerning Jesus; The Future Life; The Great Salvation; Loss and Gain. The chapters, with the exception of the first and last, are revised from lectures given in Brooklyn. The whole book, however, is of one piece, and rings with the strong vivid personality of the author. In summing up the loss and gain, Mr. Chadwick says: "If there is a word in the whole scope of moral and religious usage that has been enlarged and glorified by the process of the suns, it is the word 'Unitarian.' The name which stands for the doctrine of the Divine Unity is as good a name as can be fashioned by the human voice."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

Annual Meeting Suffolk Conference. Arlington Street Church, Thursday evening, December 13, 7.30 o'clock. Programme: Opening address, by the president, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. Business: general subject for consideration, "Applied Christianity." Speakers: Rev. John Cuckson, "The Duty of a Living Church to a Living Age"; George W. Stone, Esq., "The Value of Organization"; Rev. Edward A. Horton, "The Institutional Church"; Rev. Minot J. Savage, "The Making of Citizens." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Ann Arbor, Mich.— The past two months, since the opening of the university on October 1, have been busy and crowded months in the Unitarian church here. Old students to welcome back; a multitude of new students to get acquainted with, to assist in finding rooms, and to advise with; various receptions for the new students to arrange for; the Bible class work for the year to plan; the Unity Club work to arrange and get on foot; a year's work for the Young Men's Guild to lay out and launch; the same for the King's Daughters; the Sunday-school and the Saturday Sewing-school both to get well started for the season; the Ladies' Union work for the year — literary, social, and charitable — to plan and lay out; a series of social gatherings for the students to be arranged for, to run through the year,—part at the church and part at private houses,—so as to insure to the foreign students a real and helpful social life while here away from home and friends,—all this, besides the regular Sunday services and the ordinary parish work of each week, has filled the hands of minister, minister's wife and family, and other helpers about as full as hands are ever filled in this world. But the work is prosperous, and that makes it seem light.

The student attendance at the university this year approaches two thousand eight hundred, besides seven or eight hundred more in the high school (virtually a preparatory school for the university) and the School of Music. Of these the Unitarian church is attracting to its services, its Bible classes, its young people's organizations, etc., its full share, and more.

A pleasant event which occurred two weeks ago was the purchase by the Unity Club of a bust of Emerson, and the public presentation of the same to the church, with appropriate addresses by Mr. Robert Phillips, the president of the club, Prof. Pettee of the university, and Mr. Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has recently been here, lecturing in the Unity Club course on Friday evening and preaching on Sunday evening. Her addresses were both wonderful in their power. The church was packed, and hundreds went away unable even to find standing-room.

—Mr. Sunderland has recently begun the publication of a series of monthly sermons, under the name of "A College Town Pulpit." The titles of the three sermons thus far issued are "The Soul's Cry for God," "Jesus as Humanity's Ideal," and "Sectarianism: Its Evils, Causes, and Cure." These sermons are already proving a great help in his work. Five hundred copies of one of the sermons were taken at the church door last Sunday evening. Several thousand have already been distributed, largely among the students, many of whom, after reading the sermons, send them home or away to friends. Thus they go as missionary seed all over the country. The Bryant Centennial Celebration held here on November 3 —an account of which is given on another page—was a great success.

Boston, Mass.—The Sunday evening services at the Parker Memorial, under the auspices of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, are proving very attractive. Dr. Hale and Mr. Savage have each preached to the largest congregation the hall would hold.

—The subjects treated and the speakers treating them in the Citizenship Class of the South Congregational Sunday-school, corner Exeter and Newbury Streets, are as follows: November 25, Mr. Benjamin Pettee, "The Law of Settlement"; December 2, Col. Henry Stone, "The Dependants of the State"; December 9, Mr. S. B. Pearmain, "The Stock Market"; December 16, Mr. W. L. Rutan, "City Government"; December 23, Mr. Charles H. Ames, "Fine Art in the Schools"; December 30, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., "The Primaries"; January 7, Mr. Samuel H. Hubbard, "Industrial Education."

—At the Unitarian Club a very important subject was presented by Rev. Minot J. Savage, in the suggestion by a committee of the directors of the American Unitarian Association that there should be a new office created in the Association, to be called a financial secretaryship. Mr. Savage said: "We all know that Dr. Reynolds tried to do too much. As some one said to me, he was two men in one, representing both the business sense and the sentiment of American Unitarianism. Now, no one man can have strength equal to this double task. As one result of our deliberations, we selected with practical unanimity Rev. George Batchelor to be secretary. That you already know. But it seemed to us that there ought to be a financial secretary also, —a layman, we thought,—a man who should have it in his hands to organize the giving, organize the churches so that they should give more, present the business of this matter in a business way to business men. We thought that in this way the income of the American Unitarian Association might be doubled. And the board of directors, moreover, is almost unanimous in thinking that this is the wise thing to do.

"Now, we have a man in mind who is admirably fitted for this position,—an enthusiastic Unitarian, a man who is a successful business man, and who would have been an even more successful minister. But here is our dilemma. We do not want to ask this man to take this place, and then have the American Unitarian Association, at the annual meeting next May, refuse to indorse our action. We want your opinion here to-night. If that agrees with ours, we will mail circulars to all the life members, asking them their opinion; and thus we shall be able pretty accurately to get the sense of the Association before committing ourselves to definite action."

An informal vote was taken; and the meeting unanimously indorsed Mr. Savage's proposition.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Unity Church, under the joint pastorship of Miss Marion Murdock and Miss Florence Buck, is flourishing and happy. An excellent announcement card is issued monthly, and every department is shown to be full of activity.

Concord, N.H.—At the Unitarian church, Sunday, November 11, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Cambridge, Mass., occupied the pulpit, and delivered an able sermon from the text, "I am the resurrection and the life." He held the closest attention of his audience throughout.

Mr. Hussey has nearly completed his course at the Harvard Divinity School, and will enter upon a career of great promise.

Des Moines, Ia—Mrs. Hunting (wife of the late Rev. S. S. Hunting, who established the Unitarian church here) has removed from Des Moines to Quincy, Mass., where she will make her home. Before her departure a farewell reception was given her by the Des Moines church. She has recently placed in the church parlors fine portraits of Charles Sumner and Bryant.

Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured at the Church of Our Father November 20, to a large and delighted audi-

ence, on "A Dream of To-morrow." The church is going forward with steady prosperity under the conscientious and able leadership of its pastor, Rev. Lee S. McCollester.

Geneva, Ill.—On October 21 Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley was ordained as pastor of the Unitarian church. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached the sermon; and the service was participated in by Rev. A. W. Gould, Rev. J. H. Acton, and Mr. T. H. Eddowes.

Grand Rapids, Mich.— Rev. Charles Fluhrer, D.D., has resigned his pastorate here after eighteen years of able service, to go to the church which Mr. Pullman has recently built at his early home in Albion, N.Y. Dr. Fluhrer will be greatly missed, not only in Grand Rapids, but in the State, where he has made himself widely known and influential. He leaves behind him a large and prosperous society and a very beautiful new church dedicated only a year or two ago.

Helena, Mont.—Rev. J. H. Crooker has been winning great favor among the Helena people by an address which he has recently made on "Our Capital *vs.* Corruption," in which he gave what seem to be strong reasons why the capital of the State should remain at Helena. The address was not only printed in the papers, but circulated widely in pamphlet form.

Iowa.—The Iowa Conference, at its recent meeting, appointed a committee of five to arrange for the publication of *Religion Old and New* (which the Davenport and Des Moines parishes now carry on by themselves) as a State paper. The question is asked: "Why cannot every parish in the State secure from one to three columns of local advertisements and contribute a like amount of local reading matter, and so have from one to three hundred copies of the paper each month, at a cost which can be met by the advertisements and subscriptions? This is really a rare chance to add a powerful factor to the working forces of the Church, and it should not be put by."

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The new church here is almost finished, and is to be dedicated the second week in December. The farewell service in the old church will be held on Sunday, the 9th, Rev. C. G. Howland, the former pastor, preaching. On Tuesday evening, the 11th, there will be a social dedication and house-warming, with a banquet for all the workingmen who have helped build the church, together with their wives and invited guests. On Wednesday evening will occur the dedication proper, with speeches by Mr. Jones and Dr. Hirsch of Chicago; Mr. Howland; Mr. Alcott of Elgin, Ill.; and Miss Murdock of Cleveland, Ohio. On Wednesday, through the day, and Thursday, day and evening, will be held the annual meeting of the Michigan Unitarian Conference. An interesting programme has been arranged. Besides the business of the conference, reports from churches, etc., there are to be papers, addresses, and discussions upon the following subjects among others: "The Sociological Church," "What should the People expect of the Minister?" "What should the Minister expect of the Church?" "The Importance of Business Methods in Church Work." Besides the Unitarian ministers of the State, it is expected that several leading Universalist ministers will be present, also Rabbi Grossman of Detroit, Prof. Albion Small, Rev. T. B. Forbush, and Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, and others. A cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all the liberal churches in the State to send delegates.

Madison, Wis.—The work in the Unitarian church here under the leadership of the new pastor, Rev. W. D. Simonds, is waking up, and showing unwonted signs of vigor and prosperity. Mr. Simonds is a very able and attractive speaker, and his congregations are already large. He is now in the midst of a series of four morning sermons on "Great Questions in Religion, Morals, and Social Reform," and a series of six evening lectures on "American Institutions."

Michigan.—The annual meeting of the Michigan Unitarian Conference will be held in connection with the dedication of the new church in Kalamazoo, December 11–13. For further information see under "Kalamazoo."

New Haven, Conn.—We have received from a leading worker in the Unitarian movement carried on here by Rev. Henry C. Badger a very warm and earnest tribute to the beloved leader so suddenly cut down. The letter speaks of Mr. Badger's quickening influence in the Universalist society in whose house of worship he preached for a time, and the desire of that society that he should become their pastor, but more especially of his services held in Warner Hall, and the efforts made in connection with the same to organize a Unitarian society. His ability as a preacher, the depth of his spiritual insight, and the breadth and sweetness of his Christian spirit made a deep impression upon all who heard or came in contact with him. Among these his death is keenly felt. Will the movement that he started be carried on? It is believed that so promising a beginning should be continued.

New York, N.Y.—The first regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women was held Friday, November 2, at the Church of the Messiah, New York, Mrs. Hooper, the president, in the chair. After the reports of secretary and treasurer

the religious news report, giving an account of the Conference at Saratoga, was read by Mrs. Hale; and this was supplemented by a statement, by Mrs. Davis, of the work done by our denomination in Japan.

Mrs. Hooper then introduced Miss Charlotte Morrill of Brooklyn, who read a paper, witty as well as wise, on "The Moral Influence of the Press." She thought that, with its column after column reeking with vulgarity, crime, and disaster, it could but exert a most demoralizing influence on the community. It needs no prophet to answer the question, What will the harvest be? when such seed is sown in the mind of the people.

In closing, she denounced another feature of the press,—more of cultivated Boston than of cosmopolitan New York,—that of devoting a column to a little inane talk and a picture, and headed "The Woman's Corner." Why not devote the opposite corner to a few such articles as "Do Men know Men?" "Some Interesting Men, and What they are doing," "Electric Hair-dying," with the heading, "The Men's Corner"?

Mrs. Charles N. Chadwick then addressed the league on "The Influence of the Newspaper on Home Life." She did not wish to appear hostile to the press, recognizing, as she did, much that was worthy about it, still she was forced to protest against its low morality. The distinctive feature of home life to-day is its mentality. Once you reduce the mental standard, and you blunt the moral. The paper of to-day, furnishing, as it does, a vast amount of short, scrappy articles, gives its constant reader a disinclination to any continuous thought. She objected also to the vile illustrations so common. Often a scene is depicted which were better veiled. Then, again, others are an insult to our understanding. Has the mind no power of abstract conception?

But you say: "We must take the newspaper. We must have the news." So we must; and, some day, perhaps we shall. But in the mean time it rests with us women to select the best, the cleanest paper for the home.

This was followed by a paper by Mrs. A. Emerson Palmer on "The Religious Newspaper." She felt that the religious as well as the weekly newspapers were the refuge for mothers, and hoped that one could be found in every family.

Mrs. Palmer noted the progress made in religious papers during the past fifty years toward liberality, and then gave her opinion of the requirements of a truly valuable periodical of this class.

A short discussion followed, some in the audience feeling that the newspapers had been too severely arraigned, that we must discriminate in our reading. Mrs. Hooper made a few remarks; and, after a hymn and the Lord's Prayer, the meeting adjourned. ALICE P. JACKSON, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Oakland, Cal.— The First Unitarian Church publishes in its interesting weekly calendar the following platform:—

"Our church has no doctrinal test of fellowship. It seeks to gather all who desire to get good or to do good, upon the natural human basis of fraternal good will, religious aspiration, and independent thought. With it the life is more than the creed. It aims to liberate from the tyranny of hurtful dogma and sectarian exclusiveness,— to unite men upon their common religious needs rather than upon uniformity of their intellectual speculations. It desires to ennoble and enlarge the worshipper's conceptions of God, of the world, of man, of human duty, and of the life to come, so that, in an entirely reverent and teachable spirit, he may not fear the constant modifications which better educated thought is bringing into the religion of the time. It freely surrenders such dogmatic notions as prove to be inconsistent with those great fundamental verities of moral and physical science, on which alone the religion of the future can securely rest."

On October 31 a largely attended social gathering was held at Parish Hall, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entrance into the ministry of Rev. Charles W. Wendte. Addresses and congratulations were the features of the occasion.

Pittsfield, Mass.— All the various branches of Unity Church are now hard at work. The Guild of the Good Shepherd meets every Tuesday evening, and continues its study of last year,—"A Study of the Sects." The Lend a Hand Club meets every Wednesday at four o'clock. The Lend a Hand Reading Class (just organized) meets with our pastor every Wednesday at three o'clock, and devotes one hour to the study of James Freeman Clarke's "Self-culture." The Ladies' Society meets every Thursday afternoon in the church parlors; and its members are true to their name, "Unity Workers." The Sunday-school is using the one-topic graded course on the "Life of Jesus," which has greatly increased the interest of the parish in Sunday-school work. October 24 the Guild of the Good Shepherd celebrated its third anniversary by a reception to all the members and friends of the church. October 31 Rev. Watari Kitashima gave us an instructive stereopticon lecture on "Home Life in Japan." The mottoes of the Guild of the Good Shepherd and the Lend a Hand Club, both neatly framed, were recently given to the church, and now adorn the walls of our Sunday-school room. At the annual meeting of the Union for Home Work of Pittsfield our pastor, Rev. Carl G. Horst, was unanimously re-elected president for a third term. Mr. Horst is also clerk of the Pittsfield Ministers' Club.

Salem, Mass.—First Church: A pleasant vesper service was recently held. A thriving guild of young people is reported as meeting Sunday evenings for religious work. The religions before Christianity are studied this winter.

—East Church: Rev. Mr. Towle's "Talks to Beginners in Theology" are well attended on Sunday evenings. The chapel is nearly completed.

—North Church: The ladies of the Alliance welcomed members of sister Branches to a general meeting on November 15. Mrs. Fifield and Miss Waldo addressed the meeting. The ministers of our churches were present, and made remarks. A social tea followed the speaking.

—Barton Square: Rev. Mr. Manchester has held some praise meetings on Sunday evenings, at which he has spoken on "Loyalty to the Church," etc. The Barton Square Club has resumed its work, and is preparing several plays. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of this club is close at hand. A local paper says: "Twenty-five years ago this popular organization began its agreeable form of entertainments, and is one of the few clubs to keep pace with the times. Amateur theatricals, ever popular in society, receive a finish from this club born of no small amount of talent, close work, and attention to all details."

—The churches united in entertaining the Younger Ministers' Association, which held its annual meeting at the Barton Square vestry October 29. It was a very pleasant and profitable occasion.

Shelbyville, Ill.—Three years ago Rev. J. L. Douthit sold his paper, *Our Best Words*, which he had founded and conducted for a dozen years. He has just bought it back, and in company with his son will carry it on as formerly, endeavoring to make it even more than ever a power in the town, the county, and far beyond, for temperance, for good citizenship, and for Unitarian religion. For the present it will be issued monthly. Terms, 50 cents a year.

Sioux City, Ia.—An earnest and spirited meeting of the Iowa Unitarian Association was held with the Sioux City church November 9–11. Seventy-seven delegates were present. The Association had raised during the year, for missionary purposes, $900. At the close of the session $200 was raised to begin the work of the coming year. The reports from the churches of the State were generally encouraging. In Cherokee a new church was dedicated last June; in Perry a new church is now going up; in Anamosa we have a new society, added to the Association within the year. Resolutions, with loving tributes to the memory of Rev. S. S. Hunting, Rev. David Swing, and Rev. Grindall Reynolds, were passed. Rev. H. D. Steven of Perry preached the conference sermon, which was a strong plea for "An Indigenous Faith." Rev. J. V. Blake of Chicago preached on the second evening. There were papers and addresses on "Socialism," "Progress," "Religion on the Plaisance," "The Finances of the Ideal Church," "The Worship of the Ideal Church," "The Church and Amusements," "The Religious Outlook," and two or three other subjects, by Rev. T. P. Byrnes of Humboldt, Mrs. Martha B. Johnston, Rev. Charles E. Perkins of Iowa City, Rev. Charles Graves of Anamosa, Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago, and others. A service in memory of Mr. Hunting was held on Thursday morning, with many tender and loving tributes.

South Natick, Mass.—During the summer vacation the Eliot Church Society was active in repairing the church building. New windows were put in of cathedral glass, the outside was painted a cheerful color, and, with other changes, makes the Sunday meeting-place attractive and satisfying. The year's work begins well,—good audiences, interesting Sunday-school, well-attended guild. A Literary Bible Study Class and the Unity Club keep the minister and the people active in good work and the church thoroughly alive.

The annual harvest concert was, as usual, a success; and the fair held by the Ladies' Society the last of October netted $160.

It is hoped by all that the winter's work in all departments will bring about noble results, and each year will enable Eliot Church to do more for our cause and the world.

Toledo, Ohio.—On a recent Sunday Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, not being able to fill his pulpit on account of absence from home, Mrs. Jennings took his place, and preached with great acceptance.

Grace ever attendeth him that is duly thankful. Be, therefore, thankful for the least gift. So shalt thou be meet to receive greater. But that cannot be little which is given by the most high God.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

More and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies," for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself, or my friends, or, indeed, to any man. Instead of this I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being,—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death,—because I believe that all is meant for good.—*Orville Dewey.*

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